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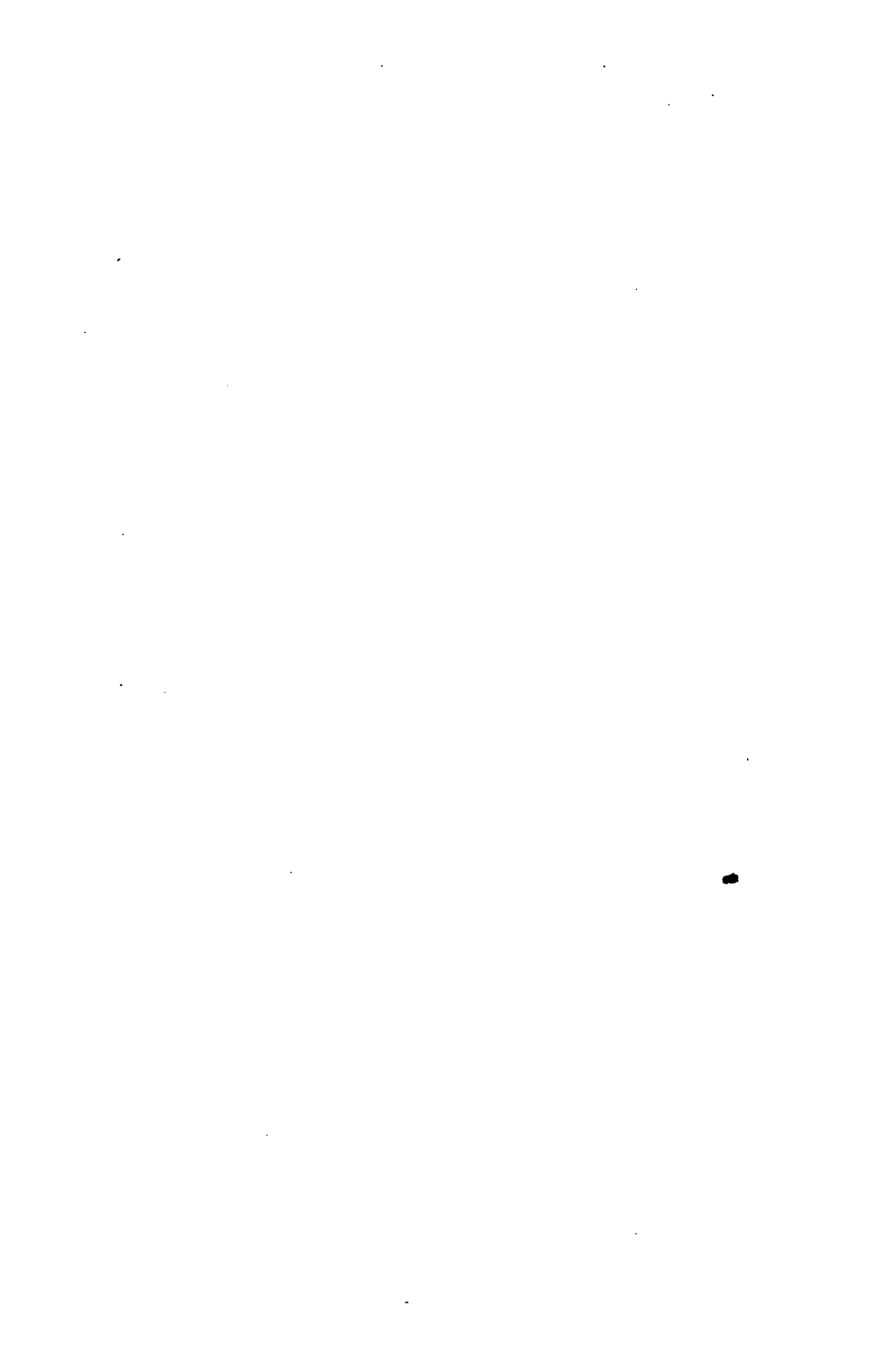
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LONDON
HUGH CUNNINGHAM ST MARTIN'S PLACE
TRAFFALGAR SQUARE
1840

JEST AND EARNEST:

A SERIES OF ESSAYS.

"FROM GRAVE TO GAY, FROM LIVELY TO SEVERE,"—POPE.

LONDON:
HUGH CUNNINGHAM, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE,
TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

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501,



INTRODUCTION.

It has often happened that people blindly devoted to a particular passion have, by the sight of some striking effect of their conduct, been suddenly awakened and filled with the most serious reflection. This has been my case.

I have been for some time aware that I was giving way to a propensity, which “had increased, was increasing, and” (I feared) “ought to be diminished.” It is known to the learned by the classical name “*cacoëthes scribendi*,” and, though prevalent in past ages, seems more decidedly belonging to the present. My “hours of idleness”

I delighted to pass in company with a pen. A thought came into my brain : forthwith it became an essay. . As I walked about, I speculated on various people whom I encountered : down went the speculations in good durable ink as sure as I reached home. I laughed at some odd conceit flitting through my mind — and, presto ! it was caught and fixed on a sheet of paper.

Such was the state of things until the other morning, having indulged to the extent of three sheets of Bath post, I proceeded, as usual, to deposit them in the old black-leather portfolio to which I had committed all my previous compositions as they were produced. Why was it that on this particular morning I was struck by the familiar appearance of that old black-leather portfolio ? Was I the perpetrator of those scrawls, which filled their receptacle nearly unto bursting ? And what, in Heaven's name, were they all about ? I determined to have a reckoning with myself. I placed the portfolio on the table before me, and proceeded, for the first time, to examine delibe-

rately this precious dépôt—this receiver of stolen hours. As my task progressed, I became every moment more disturbed, until at last (and before it was half finished) I threw myself back in my chair with an exclamation of horror. It was a decided case! No one but a confirmed scribbler could have acted thus. All subjects were discussed: grave and gay—sentimental and burlesque: levity was mixed up with pathos—and paradox was in loving neighborhood with truth. Nothing seemed to have come amiss!

And now ensued a lengthened meditation on what was best to be done. “Youth and a good constitution” might be sufficient to bear me through this danger; but the safest and best way would be to pay the regular fee, and have proper advice at once. I should then know whether the symptoms were really morbid—or healthy, and peculiar to a certain temperament.

Accordingly, I have selected twenty papers from the ominous portfolio, and now submit them to my Physician, the Public, as a sort of written

statement of my case—the distinguishing mark, “Jest and Earnest,” indicating the nature of the contents.

If the opinion be that this little volume is acceptable for an hour by the fire-side, on board a steam-boat, or in any other idle delightful situation of the same description, I shall consider the verdict favorable—laugh at my groundless fears—and put on all the airs of undoubting health ; but if, on the contrary, the opinion be condemnatory—why, the affair is settled too. Such strong medicine cannot, surely, fail to cure, if administered in sufficient doses.

In either case I shall be restored to a pleasant feeling of convalescence.

London :

October, 1840.

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JEST AND EARNEST.



ON THE TWO MODES OF AMBITION.



THE praises of ambition have been sung from the earliest ages, and all have represented the admiration of our fellow-creatures as the sweetest cup this life has to bestow. It has always struck me, however, that a very one-sided view has been taken of the subject. The great men who devoted themselves to the higher objects of ambition have been held up as models for imitation, whilst those who were contented with the lower objects of the same passion have been cruelly depreciated. They have lauded to the skies the philanthropist—the patriot—the philosopher—the poet; whilst they have striven to under-rate the efforts of the misan-

thrope—the epicure—the dandy—the roué. This is unfair and short-sighted; and I confidently hope that, as knowledge progresses, a more extended view of things will be taken.

I contend that both the higher and lower manifestations of ambition are beneficial and necessary; that they mutually aid each other; and that by all means the aspirants in one department should cultivate a good feeling with their fellows in the other. Let us examine what constitutes each division.

The higher manifestation, or Desire of Fame, includes all those pursuits which, by the voice of public opinion, are pronounced the most elevating; such as philosophy, philanthropy, science, literature, the fine arts, &c.

The lower manifestation, or Desire of Notoriety, includes, on the contrary, all those pursuits which are pronounced the least elevating; such as avarice, dissipation, misanthropy, fanaticism, atheism, party-politics, sporting, &c.

There are some exhibitions of ambition which must be considered as belonging to the higher or lower orders, according to the motives which

prompt them: thus WAR, undertaken by a man who invades a foreign country, and by a man whose country is invaded, will obviously be considered a very different thing. It is the extreme action, on both sides, of one or more of those tendencies we have noted, and is either the best or worst exhibition conceivable.

Now, if mankind were so constituted that they nearly all took to one only of the two modes of ambition, it must be evident how much more difficult it would become to obtain eminence in that mode. Supposing the superior manifestation to prevail, poets would be as plentiful as blackberries in autumn—followers of science would be found in every house—love of our fellow-creatures would seem mere common sense—thinking justly would be no more remarkable than seeing straightly.

Then, imagine the lower manifestation to preponderate greatly, and where is the glory in breaking a lamp when every fourth man would be breaking lamps? Who would cant and act the hypocrite when half the world was "serious"? Who would pride himself on winging a pigeon when skill in pigeon-shooting was general? What

genius would sneer and say bitter things when every fool set up for a man-hater ?

Thus the universal adoption of either of these modes of ambition would be a great evil to those who are now devoted to it; but by the decree of nature this is prevented, and the diversity of tastes causes a diversity of pursuits.

The earnest inquirer after truth will now, I believe, begin to perceive how wise it is for the aspirant in one mode to feel well towards the aspirant in the other. Is he writing a book, and are his nocturnal labors interrupted by the shouting of some drunken lord in the street below? Let him consider, that if this lord had become an author instead of a bully, (as, from his birth and education, there was some danger of his doing,) he would have been, perhaps, a powerful rival; and, at all events, one more to compete with. Nor would they have been on even terms, for a little talent goes a great way when recommended by a coronet.

On the other hand, whilst the lord is twisting a knocker off its door, and sees the light of the author shining on high, let him not hastily curse

him for a dull, plodding fellow. Circumstances might have made this author a bully, like himself, and who knows, then, that he might not have outdone him completely, and appeared at the police-office twice to his once? No; an enlightened, fraternal feeling must prevail. Let the lord respect the author, and the author respect the lord: both are devotees of the same passion—only they worship in different ways.

A dandy, whose whole attention is absorbed in dress, may be an undeveloped Newton. An epicure, who thinks of nothing but eating and drinking, might have become a Beethoven. A miser, who starves himself to scrape up gold, might have given the world as good pictures as Rubens. Let all philosophers, musicians, and painters rejoice!

If some men did not apply themselves to the study of nature, others to the arrangement of sweet sounds, and others to the representation of objects, it might be more difficult to become known as a connoisseur in dressing, eating, and money-grubbing. Let all dandies, epicures, and misers rejoice!

These two modes of ambition—the desire of fame and the desire of notoriety—are equally necessary; like sun-light and shadow, they contrast with each other, and people may walk in either, as they choose.

How foolish and ungrateful, then, the candidates for fame have been in disclaiming all fellowship with the candidates for notoriety! I have shewn that each has cause to cultivate a good understanding with the other; but I contend that the superior class should feel the more obliged of the two. Who, belonging to this, can look out into the world and not be rejoiced to observe how many men of rank and education have turned from the over-crowded arena in which he contends? Yes, voluntarily, and with a generosity that must and shall be appreciated, they have abstained from increasing the intensity of the struggle, and have devoted their entire energies to gambling, drinking, sporting, voting, sneering, canting, intriguing, and many other methods of pleasantly filling up the time and acquiring a modest notoriety. Let charity become the guiding principle, and let Tattersall's be estimated

duly, Almack's be respected, and Exeter Hall encouraged; let the Royal Society subscribe to the Hippodrome, and the disciples of Byron exchange compliments with the disciples of Brummell. Thus will commence the reign of an enlightened toleration, and people follow their several tastes without scolding each other.

UNREDEEMED PLEDGES.

You have heard of Sea-monsters, who, to satiate their hunger, ope their ravenous jaws and receive all the small fry who may come there into that awful tomb.

You have heard of the insidious Snake, who, taking up a position, exerts over his prey that power of fascination which, sooner or later, makes it his own.

You have seen the busy, greedy Spider spread his net in some congenial neighbourhood, and exult in his treacherous arts as, all unsuspecting, one after the other, his victims are ensnared.

More dangerous and rapacious than the Fish, the Reptile, or the Insect, is a Pawnbroker. His

Shop combines the means of all these. His door-posts are the jaws—his inscription, “Money Lent,” is the fascination—and his flaunting display is the web that endangers all passers. What though the great and the powerful escape unharmed, enough of the small and weak are entangled, and the Destroyer triumphs.

How strange an appearance does yonder pawnbroker's shop present! Prosperous in the midst of misery—abounding with riches though all around be poor! Methinks I see the Three Golden Balls hung over the door attended each by its Guardian Demon—and Vice, Folly, and Misfortune chuckle as their votaries enter to swell the store!

Let us view the interior of this place. Here is an incongruous mass! On all sides are displayed, mingled in the strangest manner, the spoils of the plundered! Yet there is much eloquence in this confusion! These mementos of poverty are not mute to one who can interpret their language!—these odd characters are not unmeaning to one who reads them rightly; but tell of the doings of rogues and of fools—of the suf-

ferings and tears of the hopeless and miserable! Yes; a Pawnbroker's Shop is the History of the Neighborhood, and its pages are "pledges!" It is a motley and curious register, and may provoke sighs and smiles. Shall we dip into it?

This picture was the great hope and solace of a talented, but very poor artist, painted in the intervals that he could snatch from the drudgery of his profession and from sleep. He had placed all his desire for fame on the imbodiment of a grand historical subject, whilst he was content to paint portraits, in the meantime, for subsistence. Think how he must have felt when compelled by stern necessity to raise money on this darling and yet unfinished work!—his future recompence for all present poverty and obscurity! He lives but in the hope of redeeming it and carrying out his design. May he do so! and may the public look on the picture in the gallery with half the fondness of the lonely painter in his studio!

This pair of ear-rings was pledged, in the person of her waiting-maid, by a very respectable lady, that she might pay Mrs. Jones the amount of her losses at short whist. She pathetically

laments to her husband the unaccountable disappearance of the ear-rings; but expresses great hope that she may be able to find them some day.

As a contrast to this gambling wife, hear the act of a virtuous and loving young wife. This diamond-necklace was the gift of her husband on their wedding-day, and she has borrowed money on it, and secretly paid an honest and unavoidable debt of her husband, which she knew weighed on his mind. She intends to surprise him by a present of the receipt on the anniversary of their marriage.

This silver candlestick was stolen from a rich, good-natured old bachelor by his trusty factotum, Timothy, who is continually hinting to his master that John is not to be trusted.

That splendid military cloak was left here yesterday by a "man about town," who perhaps may call for it to-morrow. He is an adventurer by profession. When flush of money, he dresses superlatively, and drinks claret and champagne; when, on the contrary, coin is scarce, he wears a thread-bare frock-coat, and patronises Barclay and Perkins. He is condemned, for his sins, to a sort

of moral tread-mill—perpetually mounting Fortune's ladder, but always finding himself, the next minute, at the bottom!

Here is a surgical dictionary; it belonged to a medical student. What bright hopes and good intentions filled his mind when he arrived in London! His parents expected so much from him—but not half so much as he knew he could perform,—and, when he had the means of genteel support, Ellen's father had promised not to withhold his consent. So thought the sanguine youth, and the drudgery of study was sweetened. But Harry Benson was a capital companion! He saw more of him every day. To be sure, he rather took him away from his profession; but he must see a little of London and life! He could not *always* be poring over musty books! A glass with Harry and the other fellows in the evening was devilish pleasant!

Gradually the student thought more of his bottle and less of his book. It unsettles you in the morning, to be sure; but he will reform some day, and then he will know again what it is to be without a headache. And the bright eyes of

pretty Fanny!—ah, there is more intoxication *there* than in all the wine that ever flowed! To the devil with professions! The present is the time for pleasure!

Thus reasons now our student. But he is getting very shabby. He is never himself until *wound up*, and nothing winds him up like *gin*. Every thing is pawned—his books are gone—he has nothing he can appear in —

Two years after his arrival in London, the body of the medical student is discovered in the Thames, near Vauxhall bridge. In his pocket is a letter from his father, inquiring how he advances in his studies, and whether he will not soon be competent to leave town and settle in his native place. Twelve highly-respectable men meet on the occasion, talk considerably, and return the verdict, “ Found drowned.”

This diamond-ring belonged to a young fellow of education and talent, who finds it difficult to turn either profitably to account. With a powerful letter of introduction to a nobleman, he has been unable as yet to get beyond the threshold of his door. Made wise by experience,

he yesterday pawned his only article of finery, and intends making a handsome present to his lordship's porter.

This battered Dutch clock was pledged, with the utmost agony of reluctance, by a rich old miser, that he might pay the doctor to keep body and soul together a little longer. He was attacked by a sudden and alarming illness, in consequence of having dined the preceding day on stale muscles, and was reduced to the ruinous expedient of parting with his clock, as his property is laid out so cleverly, at interest, that he leaves himself almost starving. And yet, amidst all his want and poverty, he is mightily consoled by the reflection that he is a rich man.

This gold eye-glass was deposited here, on the morning of Epsom races, by a broken-down gambler, that he might risk his sovereign on a favorite horse. But, alas! no judgment can guard against accidents, and uncertain are all turf-bets; for his favorite horse had been, on the night before, privately and effectually hoccussed.

Yonder blue coat was pledged by Pat Ryan, that he might buy the wedding-ring for his dear

Norah. This provident couple will begin the world completely unencumbered by the cares of wealth.

Here is a large brass-clasped Bible, whose leaves are blistered by tears. It was pledged by a girl to procure medicines for her sick mother. Almost as soon would the old woman have parted with her life as with this valued relic of former and more prosperous days. She had preserved it through all the changes of fortune, and had communed with it, as her best friend, during her present illness. But it was of no use; she died four days afterwards! When she pawned this Bible, she parted with her last hope; and yet you may have it for three shillings.

This brooch was left here by an accomplished "Chevalier d'Industrie," who (though rather reduced) could not resist going to hear Grisi, in "Amina." His intention was to amuse himself with a little business between the acts, and so call for his brooch as he returned. But who can foresee the decrees of fate? A lynx-eyed myrmidon of the law pounced upon him—he passed that night in the station-house—and is now inhaling the air of New South Wales.

This brace of pistols was pawned by an Irishman, that he might purchase a guitar. Having shot his rival, he intends now to commence courting his mistress.

This wine-cooler was placed here by a somewhat imprudent young gentleman who had "seen better days." With the proceeds he fitted himself out for the desperate siege of a maiden of thirty-eight with a charming little fortune of twenty thousand pounds. He progresses well, and confidently expects, ere three months are sped, to marry the lady, touch the money, take the wine-cooler out of pawn, and put it to right noble use !

This old-fashioned silver tea-pot was pledged by a poor widow, that she might, in part, pay the debts of her only son, and keep him, if possible, from a prison.

On returning home, however, from this pious errand, she found that the grateful and warm-hearted youth had considered it better to run from his debts than to pay them, and had taken the opportunity of her absence to decamp, carrying with him everything valuable and portable that he could lay his hands on.

Of such materials is made up a Pawnbroker's Shop. Our laughter, our pity, and our indignation, are called forth by turns; and still, whilst we moralise, the concern prospers, and victim succeeds victim without end.

A LESSON IN READING.


A Book! There is magic in the sound! Talk of the necromancer of old, with his charms, his wand, and his incantation! he is a driveller to that necromancer of our days—a great Author! His charm is, that we lift the cover of a book; his incantation is a preface—his wand a pen; but what can equal their power? The spell is upon us! The actual world around us is gone! We are roaming in far distant lands! We see, called up, the shades of the illustrious dead! The palace—the cottage—the ocean—the battle-field, by turns claim us for their own! We love—we hate—we fear—we hope—and wake from our trance to find that we are sitting quietly with a BOOK in our hand!

Honor be, then, to those gifted ones 'of their kind who can thus delight and instruct us. No praise or reward can be too much when they are amongst us, nor any homage too great when they are passed away.

The works of an Author are his embalmed mind, which must endure for ever if sufficiently imbued with the spices of poetry, wit, and wisdom; and grateful to the eye of a student are the well-understood hieroglyphics on this mental mummy-case, that tell of the Worthy preserved within! What was the grovelling art of the Egyptians to this? Mind and Body,—the Poet and the Monarch—Homer and King Cheops!

There are some who do not love books. There are some who do not love virtue, and knowledge, and refinement, and happiness; but lovers of *these* are also lovers of books.

It is grievous, however, to think that many undoubted and enthusiastic students have very little idea how a book should be read. Without giving the matter a thought, they go on in the beaten track, and all the while imagine that they are reading to the best advantage; thus, it is their



custom to enter their library or chamber—take down a book—dispose it on the reading-desk—place an arm-chair before it—trim their lamp, if it be night—sit down and begin to read. Now I declare that, in very many instances, this is by no means the way to enjoy your author. No; put out your reading-lamp—fold up the desk—and place the arm-chair in its place against the wall; then, in the morning, with your head clear and proper for study, take a book under your arm and sally forth. Having fairly delivered yourself from the thralldom of custom, you must now seek out some spot where the eye, in turning from the page, sees an illustration in all around, and *there* read and meditate until you are, for the time, lost to yourself, and have power to think only with the thoughts of your author.

Let us note a few of the great imaginative writers of England.

To commune with WORDSWORTH: cast yourself at full length on the soft sward, by the margin of a rippling stream, with green boughs hanging over your head and the merry chirping of birds heard all around. In the distance are the blue

mountains, and there rises up against them the smoke from an encampment of gypsies.

SCOTT should be read in an apartment hung with relics of the feudal ages and lighted by windows painted with heraldic ornaments. A richly-carved, high-backed old chair is occupied by the student, and in a few minutes he is in the days of chivalry and romance.

To sympathize with the spirit of BYRON seat yourself on a rock by the sea-shore when the sky looks wild and stormy. A few distant white sails are all that tell of the existence of man, and no sound breaks the feeling of utter loneliness save the faint murmur of the tide on the beach below.

Choose POPE for your companion in a bijou of an apartment fitted up with the most fastidious elegance. Pictures, busts, and vases are disposed around, and the light falls gently from windows half-veiled by curtains of rose-colored silk. There feast on the exquisitely refined wit and philosophy of Pope, whilst coffee is served at intervals in cups of the richest china.

Read MILTON in some sequestered nook of a cathedral, where the "dim, religious light" of the

gorgeous painted window and the distant swell of the choir illustrate the page of the great Christian poet.

Seat yourself on a stile in the country and read GOLDSMITH. The corn-field is full of reapers: Some are at work, and others are lying in the shade of a hedge, laughing and drinking. Over the trees peeps the spire of the picturesque old village church, and the red-brick house of the 'squire looks down from the hill. All around breathes of English rural life and of Goldsmith.

Study the philosophic FIELDING in the travellers' room of a country inn, which is a little world in itself. Guests are arriving—others are departing—bells are ringing—the landlady is calling; but let not this disturb you, for probably the very same thing is occurring on the page before you.

Enjoy the mirth-moving SMOLLETT at an open window which looks down into a crowded street. Fine gentlemen, adventurers, sailors, ladies of easy virtue, catchpoles, pass along and form a living portrait-gallery to illustrate the volume.


MOORE must give forth his fascinations in a bower of vine-leaves intermixed with roses. Let

a cup of wine be at your side, and read and quaff until you feel that this world is full of sunshine and happiness, and that he who grieves is but a fool.

The ruins of some old abbey shall be your study for the pure and ardent SHELLEY. There read; and, in the pauses of your reading, look around on the memorials of a past state of man and meditate on his future destiny.

And where shall be our study for the master-mind, SHAKSPERE? The lonely sea-shore—the green shades of the forest—the busy resorts of the town—all those spots which we have singly claimed for others, may be successively claimed for Shakspeare; for all have inspired his universal genius. Each play shall have a different study, and this devotion, I solemnly declare, I will require only of the student of Shakspeare.

Thus, by our vagabond and eccentric mode of reading, is every shabbily-printed book converted into a Pictorial Edition. There are many authors who should never be read out of a library: it is their proper and perfect illustration; but I hope I have convinced you that this is not always the



case. An enthusiastic student will never regret its conveniences ; but will, on occasion, make a mossy bank his chair—the stump of an old tree his reading-desk—whilst his lamp is the glorious sun itself!

ON THE ART OF KEEPING UP APPEARANCES.

ONE of the most valuable arts in this world of ours is the "art of keeping up appearances." I do not break out into raptures on that rare quality, content,—my praises are given to the semblance of it. I do not ask you to sit down, resigned to your present poverty, ignorance, and obscurity, without hope of, or attempt at, advancement; but I *do* advise, if you would avoid the marked contempt of all, (and especially your friends,) that you *affect* all this, and the covering of deceit will prove a coat of mail to turn off every arrow aimed at you.

Presenting thus to the world an appearance of content, which is quite opposed to your real feeling of ambition, quietly apply all the energies of your mind to the removal of your disadvantages,

and, having achieved your object, you may laugh at and deplore, as much as you like, your *former* poverty, ignorance, and want of general mark and likelihood. You will gain the merit of candor—and cheaply too—for people will not care to join with you *then*; and, indeed, they will feel secretly mortified that you do not endeavor to forget—and they be enabled to remind you.

In this profession of content, in the midst of circumstances to excite discontent, there are two ways of proceeding, each of which has its peculiar recommendations. Suppose you be poor, miserably poor—with hardly a shilling in the world—the one way is to declare that you prefer poverty—the other, that you are in very easy circumstances; either of these will effectually stagger your adversaries, and you may enjoy, heartily, the rueful air with which they carry back their pity, after having prepared and brought it all ready for use.

We will consider the advantages and disadvantages of these two branches of the “art of keeping up appearances,” assuming the case to be that of poverty, which we have just taken.

In the first method, as you proclaim that you

prefer poverty, you, of course, forfeit all chance of the respect being paid to you which wealth receives—and this is nine-tenths of the mass of respect existing in the world: on the other hand, you are at perfect liberty to act in whatever manner you prefer, unfettered by the laws which the worldly must observe. You are a poor man, not desiring to be rich,—a contented philosopher; you may live in a tub, if it please you, and turn Cynic in right earnest. People, generally, will not despise you when they find that it does not appear to annoy you—nay, they will almost admire. But gradually they begin to suspect that you are not such a poor devil after all; the fact becomes more evident; you have been silently working whilst they thought you idle, and are as rich as themselves. *Now*, you begin to say that, possibly, you were wrong in attaching so little importance to wealth; that money is power, all the world over; and that it really *is* a very desirable thing to be a man of property; and so you are very good friends with all, merely because, by your prudent management, you have given them no opportunity of making themselves disagreeable.

The second division of the art is much the more difficult of practice, but is decidedly the better of the two. As you are poor, and declare yourself to be in easy circumstances, there are great obstacles in the way of one who would keep up the character; and I should certainly advise against its adoption, unless you have good reason to expect that it will soon be verified. The great advantage is that, if you manage cleverly, you procure to yourself all the consideration which attends worldly prosperity, and, so far, it is superior to the first division; but its disadvantage is, the danger you are constantly in of exposing the real state of the case, and then comes all that you have endeavored to avoid, doubled by its being known that you *have* endeavored to avoid it.

There are few people, in whatever grade of society, who do not practise, more or less, one of these divisions of the "art of keeping up appearances;" but there are very many who do not apply it to its proper use—namely, a convenient temporary veil for the real desire of progression. They are neither sincerely contented, nor energetically ambitious; they are *contented to seem*

contented, and there they stop. They never, on the one hand, attain, by resignation, true tranquillity of mind, nor, on the other, by exertion, real advancement. Their whole life is a lie and a truckling to the world, without any hope of ultimate emancipation; they are in human society what the bat is in the inferior creation, and form the connecting link between grovelling content and soaring ambition.

A LOUNGE IN REGENT STREET.

WHAT a scene does Regent Street present at about four o'clock in the "season of the year!"—what a field for observation!—Patricians and plebeians—fashionables and unfashionables—foreigners and country cousins—rogues and true men, are mixed up in delightful confusion. The rattle of carriages and the hum of voices fill the air, and all seems life and gaiety.

Shall we take a turn or two, and try if we can find any amusement there? *Allons!* I dare say we shall pass our time pleasantly enough.


Here is an incongruous throng! and yet the division is very marked into two great orders—those who ride, and those who walk. How proudly does the one look down, and how envy-

ingly does the other look up!—and yet, perhaps, six months ago many of the riders were walkers; and six months hence many of the walkers will be riders. These little changes are frequent, and add much to the variety of life.

Let us commence with the first class.

In the approaching carriage is Miss Seraphina Delmore, who is passing her first “spring in town.” She has already succeeded in fascinating, considerably, a wealthy baronet; who, as all her friends say, would be “an excellent match.” To be sure, he is sixty years of age—but the daughter of a poor country gentleman must not mind these things. Besides, it may be reasonably hoped that he will die before long, and then Miss Seraphina Delmore can bestow herself, in the full lustre of her charms, upon—an earl of seventy; and so raise herself at once into the peerage. Who, then, can say that she has not sold herself well?

Do you remark that young man in the cab who drives along so thoughtfully?—he is deeply in love with the charming Miss Roseville, and has just engaged to fight a duel with a man who said publicly that her eyebrows were not arched



enough. It is but three weeks since he exchanged shots with a deadly rival, on account of the same lady — whose love has long been pledged to a young fellow whom neither of them ever saw.

The gentleman who rides the white horse with so much grace is Sir Alfred Vernon, whose fame consists in his being *the* exquisite of the day. How tastefully, yet how quietly, is he dressed. The elegance of each detail, and the perfection of the *tout ensemble*, are the result of long and intense study. Those slightly waving and careless ringlets have not attained that happy arrangement without much thought; that eminently-becoming and unique beaver was manufactured from a pattern designed by himself, and embodying his idea of what a hat *should* be. And yet, all-perfect as he is—unrivalled as he must know his appearance at this moment to be—his mind is ill at ease, for he sadly fears that a stray black has settled on the tip of his nose, and that, unconsciously applying his finger to the place, he has enlarged it into a smear.

That disconsolate widow, who follows the disconsolate dandy, has come here to indulge herself

with a view of the fashions, from which she is at present debarred. She is mortified to see her friends dressed so elegantly ; but consoles herself with the idea of the triumphs she will achieve when she can throw her odious mourning aside.

Observe that old gentleman in the open carriage, who appears so lost in melancholy meditation. Some time ago, he turned his only son out of doors for obstinately presuming to love a charming girl somewhat beneath him in rank. Three months after, this prudent father married his own cook ; and his present reverie is caused by an unpleasant suspicion that a man *may* be a fool at sixty-four.

Do you see, in the bright yellow chariot, that man who is so gorgeously dressed, and who appears to be contemplating, with such complacency, the diamond ring which adorns his finger ? It is Mr. Jacob Hobbs, the bill-broker, who, a very short time ago, was vulgar—horrid—detestable ! nobody knew him—he was a savage ! *Now*, he is *really* gentlemanly and agreeable ; he has five dinner invitations every day, and is considered a very good fellow. And how was this metamorphosis

effected? How was this sudden improvement wrought in his manners? Bah! There is no metamorphosis at all; his manners are now as they ever were; but his uncle in India died the other day, and Mr. Jacob Hobbs is unmarried.

Mark the gentleman on the bay horse! He had been for the last ten years living a life of misery and uncertainty. Possessed of great talents, but prevented by ill-fortune from benefiting by them, and scarcely able to exist. One day, whilst taking a solitary walk, he happened to observe an elderly gentleman stumble, and immediately running forward, gave his support and prevented the fall. The elderly gentleman evinced much gratitude—inquired into his circumstances—invited him to his house—and said, “Something must be done.” Ten months after, he departed this life; and, being without relations, left the whole of his large fortune to his new friend.

That youth in the cab is considering the policy of applying a pistol to his head. Last night he happened to look in at a house where he sometimes goes, and unfortunately lost the nice round sum of ten thousand pounds at hazard; but whilst

he is revolving in his mind the several ways in which a gentleman may elegantly put himself out of the world, he cannot help feeling surprise at the unaccountable partiality the dice evinced to the interest of his opponents.

Is not that a lovely woman, reclining on the silken cushions of yonder dark green chariot? It is Miss Rivers, the new actress. Upon my word, the whole equipage is very elegant, and does great credit to the liberality of Lord Spoonbill! I don't know which should be the more grateful—Miss Rivers, or her dear Tom Dashington.

The gentleman on horseback has passed his whole life in magnificent projects. He was the proposer of several valuable public improvements, without being able to raise himself from poverty; but has just realized a fortune by a new patent warming-pan.

The lady before us is in a very ill-humor. Her lover, whom she had long repulsed with the utmost scorn, at last took her at her word, and transferred his attentions to another. They are to be married to-morrow; and the disappointed coquette is ready to die with spite; but this ill

feeling is in some degree mitigated by a sincere pity for the man's taste.

The lady who follows her is a gay widow, and is situated somewhat in the same manner; for she has conceived a violent disdain for a young fellow, because he prefers her daughter at eighteen to herself at thirty-eight.


And now let us try if we can discover anything worthy of observation on the Pavé—the second of the two great divisions.

That gentleman with the yellow kid gloves is an ex-epic poet. He brought out a Poem, in twelve books, entitled, "Chaos;" but finding that the public was insensible to his merit, he turned his talents into another channel, and now makes a very pretty income by writing fashionable novels, at the rate of two in a year. He has just favored the world with "Dissipation; or, the Errors of a Life"—three volumes, post octavo.

That shabbily-dressed individual who approaches was once a greater man. He had naturally a taste for expense, which his means absolutely prevented him from gratifying. However, a rich relation very kindly undertaking to die, left

him a fortune of two-thousand a year! Now, then, he had an opportunity, and he forthwith availed himself of it. He dressed—and drove—and dined—and played—till one morning he was told that he had spent all his fortune. He was thunderstruck. It was the first time he had given the matter a thought, for he had been too much engaged ever to think of his affairs; however, he had not entirely forgotten his arithmetic, so, seizing a pen, he commenced an elaborate calculation, by which he fully convinced himself (though a little too late) that a man cannot long continue to spend ten-thousand a year with an income of two.

That young gentleman who is stalking along so majestically is a lawyer's clerk, who, having to go on business from his master's office, in Chancery Lane, to Hyde Park Corner, has put on his best coat—taken Regent Street in his way—and with his hat cocked on one side, and a lettuce-leaf cigar in the corner of his mouth, is “cutting a swell,” as he calls it. And, egad! on the opposite side of the street is his master, Mr. Jackson, of the firm of Dobbs and Jackson, Chancery Lane. What dreadful glances he casts on his hopeful clerk. I



fear the cigar will cost him more than a penny, in the end.

That gentleman with the gold-headed cane is a popular actor, who is in great dudgeon because the manager wants him to act in a new piece where he will not have all the good things to himself. He is undetermined whether to reject the part at once, or to accept it, and get the piece hissed off the stage on the first night.

That youth arrived lately from the country with good store of money, and a determination to "see something of life." He was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of some very pleasant fellows soon after his arrival, who were enabled to gratify his wish. He begins now to doubt whether, in rubbing off the rust, he has not somewhat injured the metal; but feels convinced of *one* fact—that "seeing life" is very expensive.

Yonder man, who is walking along so thoughtfully, is part-proprietor of a thimble-rig-table, and has just returned from Epsom race-course. He suspects that, in the division of plunder, he has been grossly cheated by his "pal Tom," and is lost in indignation at the knavery of mankind.

He is full of desperate thoughts, and feels half resolved to turn honest man at once.

That unhappy-looking old man is an usurer, who has just granted a loan, at thirty per cent. interest. He cannot pardon himself now for letting the money go so cheaply. He recalls to memory every word of the interview, and is confident that, by proper management, he *might* have got thirty-five, or perhaps forty, per cent. ; for the borrower was certainly in great distress.

That individual with the braided coat is a foreign gentleman, who, in Paris, was a hair-dresser—in London, he is a French Count, which he finds a much more profitable profession.

The youth before us has evidently a soul above the pavé. How foolish, then, by the needless display of that horsewhip, to proclaim to all that he does *not* keep a horse. If he had walked along quietly like other people, nobody would have known anything of the matter.

That young gentleman who is dressed so elegantly has come up to the metropolis to study for the bar. Having run through every penny he had from his father, and his tailor's bill of eighty

pounds being unpaid, he has written a penitent letter home, begging a remittance of the amount, and promising reformation. He has invited some friends to dinner to-day, and, having just received the money, is in high spirits at the idea of being able to give them their champagne iced.


That gentleman is a musical composer, who is meditating his first opera, which he confidently expects will make a great sensation. He has, however, found a difficulty in the very commencement; for he cannot possibly determine whether the overture shall open with a burst of the whole orchestra, or a calm gentle movement for the horns. He thinks alternately of Mozart and Weber, without coming to a decision; and the paper remains unstained by a single note of his proposed opera.

But hark! the clock strikes five, and my lounge in Regent Street must terminate for to-day.

PRUDES AND COQUETTES.

WHAT different effects does the same cause produce! That universal desire of pleasing the opposite sex which exists amongst young females makes of one a Prude and of another a Coquette; both, by different means, hoping to arrive at the same end; the one by a graceful vivacity—the other by an interesting diffidence; the one by ostentatiously parading her charms—the other by ostentatiously veiling them. This is ridiculous enough when something attractive really exists; but it becomes exquisitely so when there is absolutely nothing worth parading, and nothing worth veiling.

A Coquette and a Prude commence their existence at the age of fifteen; and if not married,



pass into another state of being at about thirty, or a little more, according to temperament. The whole interim has been employed in one continual attack on that wayward creature, Man; the Coquette, like a bold sportsman, aiming at all she considers worthy of powder and shot—the Prude, like a wary fowler, spreading a snare to entrap the wandering. But after a time hope is generally abandoned, and wonderful to behold is the change! The Coquette throws away her weapon and retires, with the most bitter resignation, to meditate on the folly of her former pursuits; whilst the Prude, in despair of nobler game, is fain to put up with any miserable hedge-sparrow she may find in her net. In short, to drop all metaphor, there is but one established course to pursue—the Coquette turns religionist, and the Prude marries the best lover left.

It is highly amusing to watch, in a ball-room, the manœuvres of these two fair enemies of man. The Coquette is all animation—her heart fluttering with the imagined conquest of her partner in the quadrille, who (very possibly) may never think of her till he sees her again, and who (very probably)

thinks more of himself than of her at any time. On the other hand, the Prude looks icy-winter at a man who asks if she has seen the last new opera, seems astonished at his daring to hand her a glass of lemonade, and, in fact, upon all occasions performs the part of the "Cruel Beauty"—the gentleman being supposed to enact the "Despairing Lover."

But how unavailing are, often, all these efforts! The male creatures seem endowed with an instinctive ability to escape the most desperate attempts and the most deeply-laid plans. "Men are all brutes," it hath been comprehensively remarked; and, in good truth, the expression may be allowed to a woman who perceives, with indignation, that the meritorious endeavors of those who have studied Fascination as a science are frequently defeated by some perverse girl who protests against their practices, laughs at their laborious attempts, and pleases merely because she can't help it. This is a crime against the initiated of the highest order, and it has often surprised me that some well-organized plan of operations has not been projected where all would

be compelled to regularly enter themselves, according to taste, in either of the two branches which constitute the system, and those who refused would, on all occasions, be discouraged and placed without the pale of communion.

The principal reason, I apprehend, why the ladies have not endeavored to carry out something of the sort is, the jealousy that prevails between the two great parties into which they are divided. A Prude cannot, for her life, speak well of a Coquette; nor has a Coquette a good word for a Prude. Their ill-feeling towards each other is greater than towards the daring Radical who laughs at them both; and whilst they should be guarding against the common enemy they would be quarrelling amongst themselves.

Another reason is, their conviction of the truth contained within the before-mentioned maxim—namely, that “men are all brutes.” Manage as cleverly as they might, and dreadful as might be the penalties for disclosure, the existence of such a formidable union could never be kept from the knowledge of the men, who, with their natural obstinacy and dread of being outwitted, would

immediately support the cause of the malcontents, exhibit a marked coldness to the allied members, and, at last, by these means, succeed in breaking up the coalition. Thus would matters come again to their present state, and the dissenters from their doctrine would act with perfect impunity.

But, though it would be so difficult for the two great parties to combine against their opponents, yet the same reasons do not prevent the opponents from combining against the two great parties, and endeavoring to set up their theory as the Universal Creed. As the basis of the present system is Falsehood, inducing the practice of deceit, let those who agree not with it base *their* system on Sincerity, and make the practice of truth their chief study.

It would be charming to see the race of Prudes and Coquettes supplanted by a confederation of spirited and sensible girls, whose avowed determination was, as regards the other sex, to affect neither more nor less than they actually felt. I predict that their success would be immense, and that they would demonstrate, by the number of their conquests, the superiority of their system

over that of their rivals. Besides, such a good example would have a very beneficial effect on the "brutes" of men, and tend marvellously to polish their manners. If sincerity influenced the one sex, it must soon influence the other, and the present cunning and warlike mode of conducting matters would give place to one more rational and agreeable. The two great classes of Deceivers and Believers, which *now* include nearly all of both sexes, would *then* diminish rapidly, and truth would, to some extent, exist between man and woman.

When this great reformation takes place, I hope and suggest that the disciples of the New Movement may wear some distinguishing mark (such as a peculiar comb or flower in the hair) by which all men of sense may know them from the Prudes and Coquettes who will surround them. The creed should be called Sinceritarianism, and the professors known as Sinceritarians. A committee chosen from the general body must be formed, to examine into charges of insincerity which may be brought by either sex against members; and, if proved, the culprit should be de-

prived of her symbol of sisterhood, and branded with the ignominious name of a Prude or Coquette, as the case may be, until, by repentance and amendment, she shall have proved her right to enjoy again the honorable title of a Sinceritarian.

There are many scattered believers and practisers of this doctrine ; but hitherto the prejudices amongst women in favor of either Prudery or Coquetry have been too strong to allow the few advocates of the New Movement to form themselves into a distinct and organized association. The time, however, is perhaps not far distant when they will be able to do so ; and in the meantime I drink, in this cup of coffee—To the speedy advent of Sinceritarianism !

RESPECTABILITY.

RESPECTABILITY is to Vice and Virtue what Silver is to Pewter and Gold: it is much above the one, and, for every day social use, is considered better than the other: it is not so brilliant as the last, to be sure; but it wears well, is much cheaper, and is sufficiently splendid for most people. It is the popular medium between the Atrocious and the Ostentatious, and pleases where either extreme would offend.

A great display of superiority or inferiority is certain to draw down persecution on the devoted head of the culprit. Respectability is the general moral standard, and Vice and Virtue are equally departures from it. Why should a man presume to be better or worse than his neighbors? He

deserves no mercy either way. The worthy individual who is "content to dwell in decencies for ever" is the especial object of the World's regard. He startles not, either by great merits or great faults; but lives quietly on, takes unwearied care of the main chance, and practises the small sins and smaller charities which are usual and expected.

This is a character which is not peculiar to any rank in society; but the most unadulterated specimens of the "respectable" are to be found amongst the followers of trade of the old school: men who, with originally a scanty education, have never in their lives had leisure to think, and who, absorbed in a selfish and debasing pursuit, have become incapable of any elevated feeling. To keep within the laws is their highest idea of moral beauty, and to take every advantage of them their beau-ideal of wisdom. Their Rapacity is the rule, and their Generosity the exception; and their maxim is—that rules should be adhered to.

But let us try if we can draw, more minutely, an individual of this description.

His face, that "index of the mind," is neither

strikingly handsome nor hideously ugly; but is just a very decent, meaningless, business-like face, such as may be seen every day on the shoulders of gentlemen worth a hundred thousand pounds. His form is decidedly not that of Apollo, and his gait would make a dancing-master shudder. He wears a coat of a square cut—never uses straps to his trousers, and displays a large bunch of seals. He has a country-house at Clapham; but attends his counting-house, without fail, every morning, and always alights from the stage-coach in Gracechurch-street exactly as the clock is striking nine. He is very unlearned himself; but is at great pains to have his sons taught Latin and French, and his daughters music, which he has some dim notion it is “genteel” they should know. He scorns prejudice, and says that he highly esteems the French nation—for the house of Du Bois and Co. is one of the first in Europe. He has heard something about the gaiety of Hyde Park; and goes there, for the first time, on a beautiful Sunday in September—but is astonished there are so few carriages. He opens the conversation with a stranger by saying that to-day is not so fine as yesterday,


and that in the morning it looked like rain. In politics it is ten to one but he is exactly what his father was before him, and so he will wish to see his children; but, should they turn restive and presume to have an opinion different from his own, he will wax wroth, and say he never could have expected such a thing, and that they are the first of their family who ever thought so. His library consists of the Bible, the Whole Duty of Man, Johnson's Dictionary, the Dramatic Works of William Shakspeare, Buchan's Domestic Medicine, the second and fourth volumes of the Spectator, Hoyle's Rules of Whist, Robinson Crusoe (with a copper-plate frontispiece of Robinson at dinner in his cave), Goldsmith's Animated Nature, Milton's Paradise Lost (with a stationary reading-mark in the middle of the second book), the Complete Letter-writer, and three odd volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine, the whole neatly arranged in a dark-colored mahogany book-case with glass doors, the lock of which looks slightly rusty and goes very hard. In the course of his life he visits Paris, but does not like it at all; for he says that all the time he was there he could never get a

piece of roast-beef fit to be seen, nor a bottle of port worth drinking. He is very inveterate against paupers, and if one quite blind and hardly able to move solicit his charity, he asks him in an imperious tone—why he does not work? He subscribes to the “Asylum for Female Orphans,”—and turns his daughter out of doors for marrying without his consent. He is a great advocate for slave emancipation—and discharges a clerk for refusing to sit twelve hours at the desk—“young men must not be idle.” He is very rigid and punctual in business-transactions; and if a man owe him anything and cannot pay, he sends him to prison in a very business-like manner. He attends church regularly, and says that “nobody can have any religion who does not.” He injures his health beyond recovery by excessive application to money-making; but gives up at sixty-three—and retires to enjoy himself. He purchases a villa in Kent—is devoured by ennui—and, for the first time in his life, begins to have a glimmering idea that riches are a *means* and not an *end*. He dies, aged sixty-five, after having partaken, the previous night, of a hearty supper,

and leaves behind him a very pretty fortune, which his sons joyfully inherit, and spend in a shorter time than the old gentleman could possibly have conceived. His friends, when they are told of his death, say they are "sorry to hear it," for that he was a "highly respectable man." In a little time, the slight eddy which his disappearance had caused subsides, and the stream of life flows on as smoothly as if he had never been borne on its surface.

But was not this estimable person blessed with a spouse to cheer his lonely hours? Ay, faith! and a very respectable, good sort of woman every one calls her.

She was married at two-and-twenty, and has made a perfectly good wife, as far as fidelity and a knowledge of plain-cookery go. On all topics, except the commonest, she is very weak and confused. She considers "Lord Byron" a most dangerous writer, and rails particularly against that abominable "Don Juan"—not that she ever read it. She maintains Shakspeare to be one of the greatest authors that ever lived. She thinks it a great pity that poor dear Milton lost his eye-sight,



and wonders whether it was from reading too much. She prefers the "Barbiere di Siviglia" to any other opera of Mozart, and thinks the "Creation" one of Handel's finest oratorios. She does not play the piano-forte herself, but is extremely anxious that her daughter shall exhibit—and she *ought* to play well, for (as she informs the company) her master charges half-a-guinea a lesson. If she sing, she tells her *always* to sing Italian. In a party, she is to be found, generally, at a whist-table, where she is very watchful for the revokes. When not engaged in this way, she is seated in a corner, talking over the conduct of her friends in general. If she see a youth of slender fortune paying attention to her daughter, she is seized with a cold shivering, and darts at her a glance that is plain to the meanest capacity. She understands very little of the French language, but has a great esteem for everything French, and buys, with delight, Spitalfields silk, under the name of Parisian. At the loss of her husband she is inconsolable for the proper time, and then looks quite contented in spite of her widow's weeds.

With such beings is this "respectable" world

chiefly peopled. Whether the present crawling, grub-like condition of mankind may resolve itself into a more happy and airy form, I know not; but I can scarcely conceive that Society has nothing better in store for us than dull and selfish successions of the "Respectable."

JUPITER REDIVIVUS.

AFTER a fit of supineness, which had lasted for ages, the Mighty Jove, who sits eternally enthroned on Olympus, resolved once more to assert his power. He issued a proclamation, commanding mortals from all the nations of the earth to appear before him, that he might judge what advance they had made in knowledge and goodness during the long period that he had ceased to interfere with their concerns. "Yes," said the God, with a grim smile; "I will see whether these mortals be really what I am told; and if so, by Styx! they shall find that Jove has his thunderbolts still! All who cannot give a good reason for continuing to live shall at once be deprived of life! But, without doubt, affairs on earth are much im-

proved since I troubled myself about them. As for the scandal I hear—I declare I don't believe half of it. That fellow Mercury is much addicted to romancing! The first day of examination I will devote to a few samples from the inhabitants of England, which, by all accounts, is a greater nation than was ever my favorite Greece."

The will of the Mighty Jove was immediately obeyed, and a crowd of mortals, conveyed from England with the swiftness of thought, found themselves standing before the throne of the God, who, with a severe expression of countenance, seemed prepared to dispense the most rigid justice.

The first summoned for trial was a miserable-looking old man, who seemed bent almost double with care, and whose shabby, threadbare garments betrayed the utmost poverty. Jupiter, softened by his unhappy air, cried, in a compassionate tone, "Well, mortal, what are the reasons that make you desirous to live?" "Oh, Jove," answered the old man, trembling, "give me, I beseech you, a few more years—but a few more years! My whole ambition is to die worth a plum; and as yet, by hard industry and great

frugality, I have succeeded in amassing no more than seventy thousand pounds."

Jupiter, with much indignation, gave a sign, and the wretched miser was conveyed away to perdition.

The next who approached was a man very similar in appearance; but who had, certainly, seen many fewer years: his clothes were old and ragged, his cheeks pale and hollow, and his form bowed down. Upon the question being put to him, he replied, in a broken voice, that indeed he hardly knew why he should desire to live. By fifteen hours' hard work every day he could with difficulty keep in existence a wife and six children; he had not a farthing to assist him in case of sickness, and, at the present moment, he was so ill that he felt he could not much longer keep up the struggle.

"And all this misery was occurring," thought Jupiter to himself, "whilst that flinty-hearted miser was scraping up his hundred thousand pounds. A cheering proof of the state of society below! Take this," said he, giving the man a bag of gold, "perhaps, *now*, you may wish to live!"

A lady of a very precise aspect next came forward. She had no great reason, she said, for desiring to remain in the world: it was full of malice, and scandal, and folly. The conduct of her own sex, in particular, made her loathe it; and she had not a much better opinion of the men—though, she thanked heaven, she had never been induced to marry. When she was a *girl*, things were very different; but all decency and propriety seemed now abandoned.

“Prepare, then,” said Jupiter, “to quit the world you despise so much.”

“Oh dear, no,” said she, hastily. “No, really—I’ve many things to do first. I couldn’t die easy until I’d got to the bottom of that report——”

Jupiter here made a sign, and she was immediately removed; though not without disturbing all Olympus by her screams, and doing wonderful execution with her nails.

A gentleman of a highly-imposing air next approached. He was habited somewhat beyond the extreme of fashion. He was tall, and his countenance, which exhibited a mixture of folly and impudence, was rendered ferocious also by

the addition of a very large and very black pair of mustachios. Upon being required to give a reason why he should continue in the world—"A reason!" exclaimed he; "why, damme, the best reason is, because I am particularly engaged to-morrow morning to put a fellow out of it!"

"Ah, a duel!" said Jupiter, with a sarcastic smile. "And what led to it?"

"Why, you must know," replied the duellist, "I was playing this morning at short whist with a friend—when, all at once, he jumps up from his chair and taxes me, before all present, with cheating!"

"And *were* you cheating?" said Jupiter.

"Damme, what d'ye mean by that?" cried the bully. "If I thought——"

Here Jupiter gave a signal, and the duellist was removed in the midst of his speech.

Another figure now came forward. This was an old man with silvery hair and a ruddy, cheerful countenance.

"Well, mortal," said Jupiter, "and what reason have you to wish your life prolonged?"

"Because life is pleasant," replied the old

man. "It is pleasant to breathe the air—it is pleasant to view the earth—it is pleasant to converse with one's kind! Why should I wish to give up these good things?"

"By Styx!" exclaimed Jupiter, "this is the most sensible answer yet! You shall not give them up, old boy. Return to your Earth, since you like it so well; and Ganymede," continued the God, "let this gentleman have a dozen of nectar—and from the *best bin*—d'ye hear?"

A youth of slim figure, habited with fastidious elegance, succeeded, who amused himself by twirling, in a listless manner, a white kid glove which he carried in his right-hand. He was asked why he should continue in life. "'Pon my honor," said he, "that's more than I can tell. Really it's a confounded bore to live; but then, *au contraire*, it's a confounded bore to die: and so you may send me back again, or not, just as you like. But stay, I'll live—for, now I remember, I'm in love."

Jupiter stopped the current of the dandy's discourse by the signal of condemnation, and he was directly borne from the presence.

The next that approached was a man whose high pale forehead and face, marked with thought, betokened the possession of intellect and its habitual exercise. He desired to live, he said, because he hoped that his life was as useful to others as it was delightful to himself. For years he had devoted his mind to the study of science, and believed himself now on the eve of some important discoveries.

"You shall return to the world you adorn," said Jupiter. "Pursue your studies; and be assured that I consider an investigation of the laws of the creation, and their applicability to the happiness of my creatures, as the most refined and grateful homage to myself."

To the philosopher succeeded a person of a grave, pompous air, who, striding forward to the foot of the throne, declared himself a Lord.

"Well, Mr. Lord," said Jupiter, "and what will you do in the world if you return to it?"

"I will support the dignity of my order," replied the Lord.

"And apply yourself, doubtless, to literature or science," said Jupiter, with a smile.

JUPITER REDIVIVUS.

"Yes, I will patronize authors and learned societies," replied the Lord. "It will reflect dignity on my order."

"But you will be charitable. You will endeavor to improve the condition of your fellow-creatures," continued Jupiter, perhaps a little maliciously.

"Yes," replied the Lord; "I will subscribe to charities. I will do anything for the poor—consistent with the dignity of my order."

Jupiter, without hearing more, made a sign, and the Lord was instantly removed.

The next who came forward was a man of shrewd countenance, who cast a glance of contempt on the aristocratic personage as he was hurried past him. He could by no means leave the world, he said, as the happiness or misery of unborn millions depended on his exertions. He was engaged in explaining to the people the cold-blooded tyranny of their lordly oppressors, and inciting them to a burst of manly indignation that should terminate in victory or death.

"In short," said Jupiter, "you are a patriot. And now let me ask you a short question: Are

you richer or poorer than before you commenced your patriotic exertions?"

The Man of the People looked rather confused at this abrupt inquiry, and muttered something about "the gratitude of the enslaved masses;" but, Jupiter giving the signal, he was instantly borne away.

A lady now approached, whose manner seemed to evince much anxiety.

"And what reason can you give?" said Jupiter, "why I should not remove you from the world?"

"Oh, not before next Thursday," exclaimed the lady, in an agony—"not before next Thursday, I beseech!"

"And why not before next Thursday?" inquired Jupiter, with an air of interest.

"Because I have invited three hundred people for Wednesday evening," replied the lady—"I have decorated the room with evergreens—I have engaged Weippert's band, and the Alpine singers are coming——"

Jupiter made the fatal signal, and the lady was removed, filling the air with lamentations.

A youth now presented himself, whose

thoughtful countenance and refined, but natural, manner gave evidence of his being, as he said he was, a poet. He entreated, with much earnestness, that he might be allowed to continue in life, as he was engaged on a poem in which the highest subjects were treated, and which, he confidently hoped, would have a beneficial effect on society, and tend to the weakening of inferior and debasing propensities.

“Indeed!” said Jupiter, smiling. “By what I have seen to-day, I really believe such an effect is to be desired. Of course you are a man of property, and intend to publish at your own expense?”

“No,” replied the youth; “I am as poor as need be; but I hope, from the importance of the subject and the care I have bestowed upon it, that I shall find no difficulty in meeting with a publisher.”

“Well,” said Jupiter, “I will not prevent your finishing the poem. Return to earth, and,” continued he, presenting him with a bag of gold, “let this accompany you. Perhaps it may prove useful before you can dispose of your manuscript.”

A pretty, modest-looking girl next tripped up.

"Now, maiden," said Jupiter, "what have you to say for yourself?"

"Say!" returned she, quickly, "a great deal. I can't leave the world yet—I'm to be married to-morrow morning."

"Ha! Is it so?" exclaimed Jupiter, laughing; "then it would be cruel indeed to take you away——"

Here the God was proceeding, in a very undignified manner, to chuck her under the chin; but, catching the eye of Juno, he stopped short, looked remarkably foolish, and continued, in a grave tone—"Yes, maiden, remain in life if you wish it. When you have been married for some time you may change your opinion."

A stately figure now advanced, and, with an air of vast importance, proclaimed himself a political economist. He protested that it was impossible he could think of quitting the earth, as affairs were conducted so irrationally below, that, without his aid, all would be blindness and folly.

"I am glad to find," said Jupiter, "that you properly appreciate your own wisdom. Doubt-

less your labors have greatly increased the sum of human happiness."

"Why, as for happiness," replied the philosopher, "*that* is not exactly in *my* department. The production of *wealth*, not *happiness*, is the object of my studies!"

Here, much to the astonishment of the political economist, Jupiter burst into a loud laugh, and, throwing himself back in his throne, "I suspect," said he, "that I have acted very like a foolish old God! .Why did I trouble myself with the affairs of these mortals, after having let them go on in their own way for so many ages? If the inhabitants of England be a fair sample of the rest of Earth, my interference will be of little avail. Yes," continued he; "let all whom I have condemned be restored to life, and my Judgment shall seem to them as a dream. Let the Lord support the dignity of his order—let the patriot excite the people to victory *or* death—and let the political economist return to his vocation, which is the production of wealth, not happiness—and now I'll to dinner, for, upon my word, the smell of that ambrosia is irresistible!"

Thus ended the Judgment of Jupiter. Momus has made a ballad upon it, in which he holds up Jove to the most unsparing ridicule; but the Thunderer vows he shall smart for his insolence if he presume to continue singing it about Olympus.

HINTS FOR BIOGRAPHERS,

FILCHED FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF SYDNEY WATKINS, ESQ.

THERE is no study more delightful than Biography. It is interesting in the highest degree to become thus intimately acquainted with the hopes and fears—the struggles and triumphs—of those who have elevated themselves so far above their kind. We note in what points they differed from common mortals, and in what they resembled them—the most minute circumstance becomes important, as tending to elucidate the character of a great man.

There is one species of Biography, however, which I think neglected. A popular idol is no sooner torn by Death from the shrine where the world has long worshipped, than the pens of a

hundred writers are busy in chronicling every action and expression of the Great Departed ; but let the *same man* have performed the *same actions*, and not have succeeded in obtaining an eminent NAME, and how silent are the pens ! In short, *Popularity*, and not *Superiority*, seems to be their criterion of Greatness.

The department of Biography which I should rejoice to see more encouraged is that which should seek to *direct*, rather than to merely *follow*, public taste, by drawing attention to those Sons of Genius who have been, during their lives, unjustly neglected. Many a great man would thus be rescued from oblivion, and, whatever his after-fame might become, the Biographer would enjoy the proud satisfaction of knowing that it was chiefly to be attributed to himself.

Acting upon this idea, I have endeavored, in the following pages, to throw together some particulars of the life of Theophilus Stubbs—a man whom, though scarcely emerging from obscurity during life, I confidently expect to see, at no distant day, take that place in the literature of his country to which he is entitled. I was, I believe,

his most intimate friend, and may therefore be considered not totally unqualified for the undertaking—would that it were a national one!—but no: he who disdains to flatter the senseless “taste of the day,” as it is called, must expect to see rivals whom he despises enjoying that popularity which is denied to himself. As, however, posterity frequently reverses this decision, the want of present applause should never discourage a man of commanding intellect. Without further preface, then, I will proceed with my task.

The origin of Theophilus Stubbs, like that of many other great men, was humble. His father, Orlando Stubbs, resided in the neighborhood of Barbican, and kept a little shop, where he sold tobacco, pepper, birch-brooms, dutch cheeses, lollipops, &c. He also drew teeth, and taught dancing and the use of the globes. But this was not all: no, gentle reader: Orlando Stubbs was a literary character—deeply read in three or four authors, and a known authority in all matters of taste. Think not so superior a person would disdain to keep a shop—he delighted in it. He had an opportunity of displaying his talent to every

customer—and many a little boy, who had resolved to play the truant, has he sent to school by asserting, whilst serving him with a penn'orth of hard-bake, that he would one day, if attentive to his studies, become as great a man as Sir Walter Scott. But I am digressing.

Theophilus Stubbs, as he grew up, discovered every indication of genius. He bestowed little attention on puerile things—mirth and idle laughter were unpleasing to him—and often, whilst his companions were engaged in a noisy game of prisoner's base, or peg in the ring, he would be found, seated in a corner, absorbed in that powerful work, "Melmoth the Wanderer," which was a great favorite with him.

It was, no doubt, in consequence of his father's taste for literature that the genius of Theophilus was called forth so early; for, at the age of sixteen years, this extraordinary youth had commenced a poem of importance, entitled, "The Maniac." For six years was he employed on this work, which, he was resolved, should have every advantage of mature study. At length it was given to the world, published at his own risk, and

bearing the name of Theophilus Stubbs as the Author. A copy was sent to each of the reviews, and Stubbs already heard the applause of a delighted public ringing in his ears. But this delusion was not to last long. One only of the many publications to which the work was submitted noticed it at all, and *that* did so as follows:—

“ The Maniac, a Poem, in three Cantos, by Theophilus Stubbs, Esq. Mr. Stubbs, we should presume, has drawn the hero of his poem from himself; for a ‘ Maniac’ *he* certainly must be to have perpetrated such a farrago of nonsense. With sincere advice to his friends to ‘ take care of him,’ we will dismiss Mr. Stubbs.”

And how did this truly great man act under the disappointment thus given to his hopes? Did he throw his pen into the fire, and vow never to write more for an ungrateful world? No:—he was not so easily to be baffled. He locked himself up; and in four months produced a magnificent poem, called “ The Pleasures of Despair,” in six Cantos. He sent, as before, copies to all the reviews, and awaited with calm dignity until they should repair their previous injustice.

But—my indignation will scarcely allow me to proceed—not the slightest attention was paid to the work—not one word appeared, either in praise or censure, and the public remained totally ignorant of its existence.

Stubbs was now, indeed, disgusted with the ill success of his efforts, and resolved never again to write a line. In the meantime, his fame had spread considerably in the neighborhood, and he was unanimously elected President of the “Intellectuals”—a literary society, which met weekly at a respectable tavern called the Swan and Sugar-loaf, in Three-cup Alley, Barbican. It was here that Stubbs’ talent as an orator first began to shine. Night after night would he hold forth to the astonished members; and so great was the fertility of his mind, that (strange as it may seem) he spoke with as much fluency on a subject of which he knew little or nothing as if he had studied it all his life. At the expense of the Society, several of these speeches were printed; but I have not heard that they ever circulated beyond our hero’s friends. Be this as it will, Stubbs was solicited to preside at numerous dinners, and his fame in the

locality was established. But alas! short, indeed, was this great man's career. Reader, I am about to relate the melancholy death of Stubbs; and, sorrowful as the task must be, I am resolved to do so faithfully.

At the moment when Stubbs became a member of the "Intellectuals," Diogenes PIPPS occupied the place as a speaker, which Stubbs, on his first speech to the Society, was unanimously called upon to fill. PIPPS, I grieve to say, would not tamely resign the honorable post which he had so long held to a person whom he foolishly considered as far beneath him in talent, and consequently resolved to take the first opportunity of putting him down. Stubbs, for awhile, baffled his base intentions; but one night, in a lengthy speech on the divine Milton, he unfortunately mentioned him as the author of the "Rape of the Lock."

How so great a man could commit such a *lapsus linguæ* I cannot possibly conceive; but PIPPS was on the alert; he had caught his words, and an argument ensued which lasted until midnight. Stubbs was cool and deliberate—PIPPS hasty and passionate. At length (to the eternal shame of

the "Intellectuals" be it spoken) cards were exchanged, and a hostile meeting appointed for the next morning at day-break.

I will not attempt a description of Stubbs' feelings on retiring to rest that night. If he bestowed a second thought on life it was because he was engaged on a work which he fondly hoped would meet with the approval of the public. Yes reader: Stubbs had found it impossible to adhere to his resolution of writing no more, and had nearly finished a Poem called the "Bandit," which, in vigor and originality, surpassed even his former efforts. This it was which made him cling to life; but his honor was at stake, and he resolved to shew Diogenes Pipp's that his literary character was not to be attacked with impunity.

Attended by his faithful friend Hicks, he appeared punctually the next morning at the appointed spot. Pipp's arrived soon after;—the pistols were loaded—the ground was measured—and the principals and seconds took their posts. Stubbs had not much time for reflection; but the idea that the "Bandit" might possibly be lost to the world crossed his mind more strongly than ever.

The voice of Hicks recalled his senses to the dreadful scene in which he was an actor. One — two — three-e-e — Stubbs turned convulsively round, and by these means did *not* receive the bullet in that part of the body at which PIPPS had aimed. Yet think not, reader, that he escaped; no: he *did* receive it, and fell miserably on a bed of nettles, discharging accidentally his own pistol into his breast by the fall. PIPPS, seeing what had befallen his rival, immediately ran off, and was never seen or heard of afterwards. Stubbs was taken up—bleeding and stung—and conveyed to his house in Barbican, where every attention was paid that medical skill could devise—but to no purpose. He lingered for some time in dreadful agony, and then, with a fierce scowl on his countenance, (thinking, doubtless, even in death, of the “Bandit”) this extraordinary man breathed his last.

No vain, aristocratic pageantry was to be seen at the funeral of Stubbs. No long array of carriages lined the way to the church. Simply and comfortably he was interred in his native parish of Barbican—the entire Society of the “Intellectuals” attending as mourners.

I have procured from several sources the following anecdotes, illustrative of the talent, worth, and peculiarities of Theophilus Stubbs, with which I will conclude this imperfect sketch of one of the most shamefully-neglected men that ever existed.

Stubbs, one cold morning, passing along Holborn, was accosted by a beggar, who earnestly implored charity. He had not eaten, he said, for two days, and had no home to shelter him at night. "Just Heaven!" exclaimed Stubbs, "what crime can this man have committed that he is thus to be buffeted by the winds of adversity? It must not—*shall not* be!" So saying, he put his hand into his pocket, and exclaiming, in a tone of great compassion—"Take *this*, and dine," he gave the poor fellow a halfpenny.

His flashes of wit at table were vivid and instantaneous. A gentleman was once complaining of headache, which he said was "very disagreeable." "Pray, Sir," said Stubbs, turning quickly round, with a smile upon his countenance—"Pray, Sir, *did you ever know a headache very agreeable?*"

He was always willing to afford advice when

applied to by inexperienced authors; but he frequently gave great offence by his candor. A young man once submitted a manuscript to his inspection, and in a few days called to know his opinion. "Sir, if you wish my sincere impression regarding your work," said Stubbs, "I must tell you, that there appears to me neither genius nor common sense in it, and that it is really very like the production of a decided blockhead. Still, I would not have you despair; apply yourself closely to study, and possibly you may do better things." The young man took the advice—rose gradually into notice—and is now chief poet to Rowland's Macassar-oil Establishment.

Nothing fired him and brought forth the thunder of his eloquence more than the relation of any heartless, cold-blooded action. A friend was once giving him an account of a youth who had murdered his grandmother and thrown the body, tied up in a sack, by night into a river. The indignation of Stubbs was aroused. "A man," said he, "capable of murdering his own grandmother must be a wretch totally devoid of all virtue and

feeling. He is unworthy to live, and therefore richly deserves death !”

It is known to me that the third line in the second canto of the “Maniac,”

“The water was by blood encrimsoned far,”

was originally written,

“The water was encrimsoned far by blood ;”

but Stubbs, thinking there was something revolting in the line ending with the word “blood,” altered it to its present state. Such was his extreme sensibility !

His sympathy with cases of distress was overpowering. His friend Hicks had been reading to him, in the paper, an account of a most dreadful fire and loss of life. Stubbs burst into tears. “Ah,” exclaimed he, “what will become of the destitute families ? Would to Heaven that I could afford to contribute to the subscription—but Fortune forbids it ! Unless I could give something handsome, it would never do for a public character like me to give anything.” He continued for a long time to regret his inability.

Stubbs was rather singular in his diet. He never took currant jelly to venison, which indeed, as he facetiously observed, seldom came in his way. He always used a great deal of salt with his meals. "Salt," he was wont to say—"salt is very wholesome!" Another of his peculiarities was, his extreme partiality for veal pies.


It is asserted that, whilst writing "The Pleasures of Despair," Stubbs subsisted almost entirely on roast beef and cold brandy and water. The fact is curious, and will perhaps account for lines in the poem that would otherwise have been obscure. It is likewise known to me, that, whilst the "Bandit" was on the tapis, Stubbs diminished considerably his usual allowance of whiskey-punch after supper, in order that his head might be perfectly clear for study the next morning. Alas! Fate willed that the task should never be completed.

Stubbs! these few brief memorials of your life have brought you in imagination to my side. Once more we sit together in the club-room of the "Intellectuals." Again I hear that clear, melodious

voice ! Again I see the brown great coat and the white hat, once so familiar ! But no—you are gone ! The lyre is broken, and Stubbs sleeps the long sleep of death ! Yet, if any reverence exist for genius, he shall be remembered !

FRIENDLY ADVICE.

THAT "Advice is seldom well given, and never well received," is an observation so trite as to have almost become an axiom. In cases where advice is given unasked, this would cause no surprise, inasmuch as it indicates too evidently a superiority of judgment which the adviser is always ready to assume, but which the advisee is not so willing to admit. This, however, is not the extent of its applicability, for, generally, advice is as eagerly sought as utterly disregarded, and especially on an event which, once in their lives at least, is a matter of deliberation with most people. As one fact, however, is worth a score of assertions, and as the position is peculiarly exemplified by a letter which I recently received from an absent friend,



I shall at once proceed to lay it before the reader.

“ Hastings, Sept. 14, 1839.

“ My dear ——

“ I am about asking of you a little friendly advice. Now don't suppose that I do this, as is often the case, after having quite decided how to act. I candidly tell you that I shall be much swayed by your opinion, or I should not trouble you with this communication. But, without further prelude, I will put you in full possession of all particulars connected with the affair.

“ Three weeks ago, as you are already aware, I left London for this place, to enjoy the refreshing breezes of the sea. The morning after my arrival, I sallied forth to stroll upon the sands, where I walked along, inspired with those feelings of airy freedom which I am sure you must have often experienced on arriving in the country after eight or nine months constant residence in the smoky metropolis. ‘How delightful it is,’ said I, ‘to be free and unshackled! Here am I, Eugene Manners, master of a small, but comfortable, independence, with no one to control me—not

even a wife.' At this moment, in the height of my enthusiasm, I struck the sand so smartly with my stick as to make some portion of it fly into the air and fall within a few paces of two ladies who were, to use a nautical phrase, fast bearing down upon me. My attention was immediately attracted by the younger of the two, whose figure was the most exquisite I ever saw. As she drew nearer, I perceived that her face was extremely beautiful as well as her figure. Our eyes met as we passed each other, and I *think* that she slightly blushed.

"The two ladies presently turned round to retrace their steps—so did I. Mustering up all my powers of visual fascination, I was determined to settle the matter by one glance. I took a most scrutinizing gaze as they advanced. The elderly lady I concluded to be the mother—the other was her only daughter—young, rich, and beautiful! But they were close upon me. To my great annoyance the young lady passed me without raising her eyes, and they both proceeded towards the town. I followed—saw the hotel they entered—and, by seeing a waiter, discovered her name to be—but stop! I'll not tell you her name yet.

Suffice it to say, that my conjecture had been perfectly right; that her family is of the first respectability, and that the estimable old lady, her mother, is extremely rich—mark that my boy—*extremely rich!* Having ascertained these particulars, I returned to my hotel to meditate.

“ I saw no more of my charmer until the next morning, when I was enraptured by beholding her at the window of her apartment. I gave her to understand by my looks that I was not insensible to her beauty, and was so happy as to attract her attention. She retired from the window, and in a few minutes she came from the door of the hotel, accompanied by her mamma, and once more they proceeded in the direction of the sands. I followed, and it was my good fortune to have an opportunity of introducing myself in a way I least expected. In short, the mother was seized with a sort of vertigo—I promptly rendered my assistance to get her home—received a thousand thanks—and obtained permission to call and inquire after her health.

“ You may be sure that I was not slow in availing myself of this permission. I was most

kindly received by the old lady, who has ingeniously discovered that a sixteenth cousin of mine married a niece of her brother-in-law. This proof of our consanguinity has considerably enhanced my welcome ; and, to conclude, matters have gone so far between myself and my lovely Mary (for that is her name) that I shall shortly be compelled to make a formal proposal or part with her for ever.

“ Now you will ask, naturally enough, why I should for a moment waver. I will briefly relate to you how it is that, with so much beauty, wit, accomplishments, and wealth before me, I should fly to a friend for advice, instead of acting, as I generally do, on my own feeling.

“ It has been my custom here, by way of filling up the time between breakfast and the hour for calling on my beloved Mary, to stroll into a library, where I take up a book, or newspaper, and amuse myself by observing the various characters who enter. I was there this morning, as usual, and was struck by the enviably happy appearance of an individual whom I found reading. On his going away, I turned to the librarian,

‘And who may be,’ said I, ‘that gentleman, who appears so much at ease with himself and all the world?’ ‘Oh, that, Sir,’ answered he, ‘is Mr. Wilds. He visits Hastings every year with his charming lady, whom he tenderly loves, and in whose society he enjoys every happiness.’ ‘Ah!’ said I, as I viewed myself in the glass with the greatest complacency, ‘that will be *my* lot, if I espouse the sweet Mary! Yes: I am determined. I will make her an offer of my hand this very day.’

“An odd figure now entered. It was an elderly gentleman with powdered hair, a florid complexion, and a somewhat discontented and peevish expression of face. He wore a broad-brimmed hat, white neck-cloth, and large frill; a blue coat with gilt buttons, white waistcoat, nankeen pantaloons, and gaiters. His shoes were of the most brilliant polish, and his whole person displayed an air of punctilious neatness. He took up a newspaper—put on his spectacles—folded the case, and returned it to his left-hand coat-pocket—crossed his legs, and began to read.

“An unlucky dog had the temerity to lay

himself down at the feet of this elderly gentleman, and to place his moist nose familiarly upon his resplendent shoe; which was no sooner done than a furious kick sent the poor animal howling to the other end of the room. ‘Devil take the filthy cur!’ exclaimed the prim old fellow, starting up in a violent passion: then, walking up to the proprietor, ‘Sir,’ said he, ‘if all the dogs of the town are permitted to make morning visits to your rooms I must insist on your erasing my name from your list of subscribers.’ Upon this, with a most knock-down look at the master of the dog, beneath whose chair the terrified animal had crept for security, he quitted the library with a hasty step.

“ ‘Now who, in the name of all that is unaccountable,’ said I, ‘is that eccentric old gentleman, who seems so much to value the polish of his shoes?’

“ ‘That,’ whispered the librarian, ‘is Sir Nathaniel Nettlebrain, an old bachelor, who, in the early part of his life, neglected young ladies whom he *might* have married; but with whom he had ever some fault to find, until he has at length

reached that time of life when young ladies neglect *him*. In short, he has dwindled into what you see—a peevish and punctilious old bachelor.’

“ ‘Egad!’ thought I; ‘I will, at all events, never become such a figure as that! I am now, more than ever, determined to offer myself at once.’

“I looked at my watch. It wanted nearly an hour of the time for paying my visit to Mary. With my mind occupied by reflections on the happiness of the married state, I again turned to my paper, until another person entered who excited my curiosity. He was a young man, apparently about my own age, of a very gentlemanly exterior, handsome, intelligent face, and good person. He looked thin and care-worn, and there was an evident absence in his manner. He took up a book, but did not appear to read. After a little time he started suddenly up and walked away.

“I stepped over to the librarian and ventured to remark, ‘That gentleman, now, I have set down as being deeply in love—am I right?’

“ ‘Quite right, Sir. He *is* so unfortunate,’ was the reply.

“ ‘Some bar, I suppose, to his union with the object of his choice,’ said I, exulting (selfishly, I must confess) in the confident hope that *I* had nothing to fear.

“ ‘No, Sir,’ continued the librarian, ‘he has been united these two years to the lady he so ardently loves. He met with her at this place; and, as I have heard, by mere accident became acquainted with her when walking on the sands. She was then one of the most beautiful women you can imagine. Latterly I have not seen her, as, indeed, she seldom stirs from home.

“ ‘Well,’ said I, impatiently; ‘but the cause of this gentleman’s dejected appearance?’

“ ‘Oh! his wife’s temper—of which he had no proof *before* marriage—indeed she was generally believed to be of a mild and gentle disposition—but her husband, poor man, found her a perfect tigress, and *that* before the honeymoon was half over. Every one thinks she is bringing him fast to the grave!’

“ Here the librarian coolly took up his pen and began to post his ledger, whilst I walked out with no very comfortable reflections. ‘What,’

thought I, 'if my Mary should prove a tigress!' The circumstances I had heard corresponded strangely with my own case. 'By Jupiter,' exclaimed I, in an agony, 'I would rather be old Nettlebrain than such a miserable wretch as I have just witnessed!'

"Then I thought of the happy-looking Mr. Wilds. With my mind racked by doubts and fears, I walked, almost unconsciously, to my own hotel instead of to that of Mary; retired immediately to my room and wrote this letter: and, if its tediousness have not put you out of humor, pray, my dear fellow, lose no time in sending me your friendly advice.

"Ever truly yours,

"EUGENE MANNERS."

"P.S. I shall not *stir from my chamber* until I receive your answer. E. M."

I had left town for some days previous to the above letter arriving, and it was nearly a month ere I returned. When I did so, I found the cards of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Manners as well as the

unopened letter. In fact, my friend afterwards confessed that his resolution of not *stirring from his chamber* until he heard from me did not last beyond the next morning. He could not restrain himself from calling on the lady, and was united to her very shortly afterwards. I was consequently saved the embarrassment of offering advice on so delicate a subject, and I must own it would have puzzled me not a little to do so. I am happy to add, that my friend has not the slightest cause to regret the step he has taken, for the beauty and accomplishments of the maid can alone be equalled by the fascinations and fondness of the wife.

LEARNED AND UNLEARNED.

THE world is divided into two great classes, called the Learned and the Unlearned. The first consists of those who possess the particular acquirements which are considered most necessary and valuable; the second, of those who are deficient in these acquirements. The Learned enjoy great advantages and consideration: the Unlearned, on the contrary, labor under many disadvantages, and are held as inferiors. The Learned, generally, look down with much arrogance and contempt on the other class, who usually look up to them with secret admiration and respect.

Let us examine what are the departments of learning the possession of which is rewarded thus bountifully. They are chiefly certain languages,

which for centuries have ceased to be spoken, but which are valued so highly in the present day that a knowledge of them is made necessary in most professions; whilst he who excels in this study receives the honorable appellation of a "learned man." On the other hand, he who wants this peculiar erudition, although on other points he may be well-informed, is styled, contemptuously, an "unlearned man." Thus are two classes formed, the interests of which, as matters have been managed, are generally opposed.

Now I must confess that, to my poor understanding, the whole of this arrangement seems wrong, and I humbly suggest another system, which might perhaps be found to work better. Instead of certain branches of knowledge *only* being capable of giving the character of learning to their successful cultivators, let *every* branch do so; and let UTILITY, and not PREJUDICE, be the reason why eminence in one sort of knowledge should be considered as superior to eminence in another. If the Utility of Greek be greater than the Utility of Music, let a first-rate Grecian rank above a first-rate Musician; and let the

student of Homer take precedence of the student of Beethoven. If it be more important to inquire into the declension of a Latin noun than the component parts of an existing substance, let a mere Latinist sneer at a mere Chemist ; but to require a chemist to know the Latin language, unless its great utility can be fully proved, is as ridiculous as it would be to expect that the devoted Latinist should know chemistry. Let the relative value of each study be ascertained by a full and unsparing inquiry, and all follow, in harmony and with mutual good-will and respect, their several pursuits, according to their individual tastes. The reproachful designation of an “unlearned man” would then cease ; for almost every man would be, by some men, esteemed “learned” on some subjects, though he would be “unlearned” on others. He would be “learned” amongst those who knew less than himself, and “unlearned” amongst those who knew more. He is Learned who excels in the study to which he has applied himself ; and he is Most Learned who is an adept in the greatest number of those studies which are of the greatest utility. The smatterer, who knows

a little of many things and not much of anything, is Learned in one mode ; he who is profoundly imbued with a particular knowledge, but comparatively ignorant out of that, is Learned in another ; and the collective amount of their Learning may be about equal. An enlightened appreciation must reign for whatever tends to the elevation and happiness of Society, and a willingness to encourage the exertions of all those who can add to them in any way.

Every one thus being possessed of some sort of Learning in which his neighbor is deficient, the great object of social intercourse should be the spreading of information, and the comparison of opinion. Each one, when the conversation happens to touch on the topic he best understands, should impart, modestly and without pedantry, the superior knowledge he may possess, and the more correct opinions he has consequently been enabled to form. In his turn, when the conversation passes on to another subject, with which others are better acquainted than himself, he derives the benefit of their experience. No one should be allowed to dogmatise, nor should any one be tongue-tied.

Learned and Unlearned give their opinions on the topic under discussion, and they are left to find their level and be estimated at their proper worth.

To this rational mode of proceeding, however, there are many obstacles. These arise chiefly from Pride, which, on the part of the Learned, induces them to overrate their particular attainments; and on the part of the Unlearned, to gloss over their deficiencies. Ostentation and Envy are the great banes of social intercourse; and, even where they fail to influence, Folly, in various shapes, tends to prevent that pleasing bestowal and pleased receipt of information which should be the object kept in view.

We will note a few specimens selected at random.

Mr. A—— is a gentleman who is troubled with a scandalously short memory. He acknowledges himself to be *now* exceedingly rusty, but claims great consideration from the assurance that he was *formerly* very bright and polished. In fact, he wishes to be thought not such a fool as he seems, and is (if you believe him) a devilish clever fellow—retrospectively. If you ask his opinion of

Tasso, he says it is so long since he read Italian that he has really almost forgotten it. French he is quite out of practice of. The classical languages have much escaped him since his school-days; and as for music—he hardly remembers his notes, —though he *once* led in quartet parties with great éclât. Thus he is in all accomplishments most lamentably situated, and is possessed of so strangely bad a memory that he actually forgets more than he ever knew.

Mr. B—— takes a bolder mode of asserting the dignity of his ignorance, and, because he did not carry off the grapes, at once pronounces them sour. Latin and Greek are worse than useless. French, Italian, and German, can only be properly studied in the several countries, and it is detestable to speak with a wrong accent. Philosophy is a jumble of unintelligible nonsense. Science requires a whole life-time to know anything about, and it is better not to be a smatterer. Thus saith Mr. B——; the moral of whose discourse seems to be, that, though very ignorant—he is so from choice.

Mr. C—— pursues a somewhat similar course,

but does not, like Mr. B——, declare the grapes sour; he only says that he cannot be expected to jump at them. The ancient languages—the modern languages—science—philosophy—music—literature—all acquirements are “very well for those who live by them;” but what are they to *him*? Besides, to those who appear not exactly to agree with this mode of reasoning, he gives an answer that silences all objections—he really has “no time;” and a man who has “no time” can, of course, do nothing.

Mr. D—— is wrapped up in the consciousness of his superiority, and is very prodigal of his pity for those who happen to be less favored than himself. He is shocked at the dreadful condition of those who cannot read Homer in the original—commiserates greatly a man who is no mathematician—and wonders really how people can walk about the world who do not know the difference between an Epicurean and a Stoic.

Mr. E——, on the contrary, seems to make very light of his acquisitions, and affects to treat every one as his equal, in order that he may make him feel more painfully his inferiority. Having

ascertained that a man is ignorant of French, he makes a point, in addressing him, of interlarding his discourse with French phrases. He asks another, who is no reader, what news in the literary world? Should his victims avow their ignorance, he pretends to believe them in jest, or too modest; but if, as is usually the case, they hope to conceal their deficiency, the triumph of Mr. E—— is complete, and he forthwith insults them with quotations from authors they never heard of; questions they cannot answer; and allusions which, as they do not understand them, they (in consequence) greatly admire. The conversation between Lady Blarney and Miss Carolina Wilhelmina Amelia Skeggs, to the remarkable edification of the family of the Vicar of Wakefield, is a good sample of this quality, and the exclamation of Mr. Burchell the best possible commentary.

Mr. F—— has just escaped from College, and is a most accomplished classical scholar; but his great desire now, is to acquire the character of a man of the world, and to avoid the reproach of being a pedant. He detests all mention of literature, but talks fluently on music, in which he

confounds one composer with another. He affects to be ignorant of what he knows, and to know what he is ignorant of. By this ingenious conduct, he lays himself open to a double censure ; and, with a mind well cultivated in a particular department, passes generally for a man ignorant of all things.


Mr. G—— is a dabbler in several subjects, but without proceeding far in any one. Yet, he would be highly offended if it were suggested that he was capable of much improvement. He considers all who know more than himself, pedantic ; and all who know less, unlettered. He possesses, according to his own opinion, exactly the measure of acquirement which a gentleman *should* possess, and those who have more or less are equally wrong.

Mr. H—— gives his whole attention to the study of one subject, on which he is very erudite ; and neither in his waking nor his sleeping hours does he think of aught else. Whatever the topic of conversation may be, he gradually brings it round to *his* subject ; and having got it there, *there* he keeps it as long as he possibly can, undismayed by the resistance of the sufferers, until finally

overpowered by numbers. But, although obliged to yield, he is still unvanquished in spirit, and anxiously watches for an unguarded opening in the course of conversation which may again give him an advantage. At length he becomes notorious, and every one who meets him makes up his mind to the infliction as a matter of course.

Mr. I—— has the greatest reverence for learning, but is contented to remain ignorant because he happens to find himself so. He is continually lamenting that he did not apply himself more to study in his boyhood, whilst he carefully avoids the company of those whose conversation might improve him, because he fears he may expose his deficiencies. And so he passes his life, from twenty perhaps to seventy, admiring knowledge, but acquiring none, because—"it's too late now!"

Such are some of the methods by which people contrive to render themselves ridiculous and disagreeable. If the Learned and the Unlearned in the different departments of human inquiry would but allow their Judgment to control their Vanity, the intercourse of Society would be much more agreeable and unrestrained.



A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE
AT THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Foreseen as destined to appear in No. 34 of the "Library of Popular Instruction;" a Weekly Magazine, price One Farthing, of Saturday, May the 7th, 2116.

THE Nineteenth Century is a period of peculiar interest in the history of our country. The universal diffusion of information which then took place, had the effect of greatly changing the opinions and manners of the people. In the state of intellectual advancement which we have now reached, it seems incomprehensible that some of these opinions, and manners, and customs could have prevailed in a country having the least pretension to call itself civilized—but such was the fact; nor did they retire very speedily before the tide of improvement. Our object in this article is

to give to our readers of the present day some idea of their forefathers of the Nineteenth Century ; and as we write in the "Library of Popular Instruction" to the public at large, and not to antiquaries, we shall be rather minute in our descriptions.

The great characteristic of the Nineteenth Century was, the fierce discussion which prevailed on almost every subject. Nearly all opinions and practices had their attackers and defenders, who in the course of the dispute employed the most malignant personal abuse and ridicule of their opponents as a powerful means of upholding the cause of truth. Nicknames were used instead of arguments, and, where Reason was appealed to once, Passion was appealed to twenty times. Instead of fighting with manly weapons, the combatants, like dirty cowards, pelted each other with filth until the whole arena was polluted by their disgusting encounter.

Religion and Politics were the two great objects of contention. In Politics, there were a variety of shades of the two eternal antagonistic modes of opinion—the Innovative and the Conservative. In

Religion, the whole controversy might be summed up in the grand question—Is Faith more important than Works—or Works than Faith?

These two conflicting creeds in Politics and Religion created such a bitter feeling that Society was transformed into a sort of perpetual battle, and all charity between opponents was at an end.

The Literature, as might be supposed, was chiefly an exponent of this state of things. At the commencement of the period in question, poetry was made pre-eminent by the great masters who then appeared. The Waverley Novels succeeding, gave rise to an innumerable progeny until, at last, prose was eclipsed by another splendid burst of poetry about the middle of the century, which continued for a long time. The intellectual vigor displayed in the literature of the Nineteenth Century is wonderful; and, now that Time has done for us his welcome office of picking and choosing, the works of its authors claim the admiration of the student.

Painting was in a flourishing condition, and there were numerous galleries for the exhibition of pictures; but it was not until late in the Cen-

ture that they were all freely opened to the people. Music had to encounter many difficulties and discouragements, but, by the talent of the professors who successively arose, it struggled through them all, and, being first taken up and admired on the Continent, was at last taken up and admired at home.

The Costume of the time was rational and convenient, although the round hat and rolling coat-collar of the men seem to us now very ugly and ungraceful. The female costume was subject to perpetual mutations. Large bonnets and small bonnets; loose and tight sleeves; long and short waists—successively obtained—to the great profit and delight of milliners and dress-makers.


It was in the Nineteenth Century that rail-roads were first constructed. Although we have now got far in advance of rail-roads, yet were they a great improvement on the old method of travelling. The first opened in the metropolis was to Greenwich, which was then at the distance of four or five miles, and was a place of great resort for the citizens in the summer evenings. In the infancy of this invention, the carriages, which were

attached in a train to the engine, were so small that they were only capable of holding some half-dozen persons, who were compelled to sit down in two rows opposite to each other the whole journey.

The general mode of travelling before the invention of rail-roads was by the *stage-coach*. This was a small wooden box mounted on wheels, and having a long pole projecting in front, to which four horses were fastened. A person called the "coachman" then climbed up to a high seat called the "coach-box," and taking in his left hand some thongs of leather attached to a piece of steel called the "bit," which was placed in the mouth of each horse, he flogged the poor animals with a large whip, and they were compelled to run forward, dragging the lumbering machine after them! The speed which the "stage-coaches" attained was very moderate, as is evidenced by various authorities. In the British Museum a singular placard is preserved, on which is printed in immense red letters, followed by five notes of admiration, "Brighton in Five Hours!"—whereby we may reasonably conclude that this feat was considered somewhat extraordinary.

It was in the year 1838 that the first steam-vessel crossed the Atlantic, and arrived at New York in sixteen days after leaving Bristol—a voyage which was universally looked upon as wonderful. Before this, the only way of crossing the little bit of water, which we now scarcely consider as dividing the two countries, was by the old sailing-packet, propelled entirely by the wind acting upon pieces of canvass which were hoisted up by ropes. Our readers may get a very tolerable idea of this vessel by inspecting the Ancient English Battle-ship, in the large room at the British Museum.

It was not until about the middle of the century that capital punishments were, in all cases, abolished. The brutal mob which attended each execution generally used to assemble on the preceding night, so eager was the competition for good places! and it was not uncommon for persons of respectability actually to pay large sums for a window to *enjoy a comfortable view of the sight!* The absorbing ambition of the criminal was to “die game,” as the slang phrase of the time went. If he did so, and had evinced peculiar boldness in



his previous career, he became a hero with the people, and, very often, an object of imitation.


One of the most irrational customs of the age was the exercise called "hunting;" and as the entire affair really, with our present ideas, seems most extraordinary, we will proceed to give a detailed account of it.

A number of dogs was assembled in a field, and each person was mounted on a horse called a "hunter," of which animal our reader may see some excellently-preserved specimens in the collection of the Zoological Society. The first operation was to "beat cover," as it was called, in order to discover a fox, which was then common in England. Having succeeded in starting one, and allowed it to run for some little distance, the whole of this enlightened assemblage rushed on in pursuit. The dogs ran after the fox, and the men rode after the dogs, shouting and uttering wild cries. "Yo hoicks!" and "Tally-ho!" were some of the exclamations peculiar to this ancient pastime; but we have in vain endeavored to discover their meaning or application.

In a short time, as the game went on, many of

the riders were thrown from their horses, and broke an arm, a leg, or a few ribs. Others hung upon gates, battered with contusions which they had received in attempting to "clear it," as their term was; whilst others, regardless of the fate of their companions, were still urging forward their horses by goading them with "spurs," which were pieces of sharp steel fixed to the boot. At length, the poor wearied object of pursuit was quite spent, and the dogs rushing in, soon put an end to its misery. Meanwhile, the man who had contrived to outstrip the rest, and arrive first at the spot, leaped from his horse, and, uttering a hideous cry, cut off the tail of the fox, and held it up in triumph to his companions. This was called being "in at the death;" and the tail of the fox (which in sporting language was styled the "brush") was kept by this person, and displayed with as much ostentation as if he had really performed some great action.

Very similar in irrationality were the other "sports." *Racing* was the senseless riding of horse against horse, in order to see which would arrive first at a certain point—an object of vast import-



ance!—but which served excellently well as a means for the initiated to plunder the *uninitiated*. *Shooting* was a sort of butcherly amusement, which its admirers considered much more gentlemanly and elegant than common butchery—chiefly because they knocked down pheasants instead of oxen, and did it with a fowling-piece instead of a pole-axe.

These, and other equally barbarous pastimes, which went under the general denomination of “Sporting,” were actually in the Nineteenth Century pursued by gentlemen of rank and education, and not, as we should now imagine, confined to the vulgar. Indeed, most of them were considered the peculiar privilege of wealth and aristocracy, and the poor were allowed only to look on and *envy*!


An unaccountable custom of the time was the very general use, in various ways, of the pungent herb Tobacco. One mode was to inhale its smoke either by means of a pipe or a small roll of the leaves themselves, which roll was styled a “cigar.” Another method was to apply to the nostrils tobacco ground into powder, which was called

“snuff.” A less general mode of use was to suck or chew a portion placed in the mouth, and denominated a “quid ;” but this last was chiefly practised amongst sea-faring men. Norton, in his “Manners and Customs of the Ancient English,” gives us a curious rude couplet, which he says was sometimes to be seen in the windows of the inferior tobacconists at the period in question. Under a representation of three devotees of the herb were these lines :

“ We three are engaged in one cause ;
I smokes—I snuffs—and I chaws !”

What pleasure could have been derived from these repulsive practices is, to us, inconceivable.

In London and its environs were many Theatres and other places of amusement, some of which were intended for tragedy and comedy ; others for opera, spectacle, burletta, &c. During the early part of this century, the Drama was in a very languishing condition, although the actors appear to have received enormous salaries. Splendor of decoration and unprecedented novelty were resorted to, with the hope of attracting people who were considered to have lost their taste for the old




style of entertainment. Norton, in his valuable and entertaining work before quoted, says, vol. iii. p. 28—that “one of the most popular resorts of the time was an Amphitheatre, near the old bridge of Westminster, in the arena of which the strangest performances used to take place every evening during the summer. Horses were tortured until they were made to dance and keep time to rude music; and on one occasion a number of wild beasts were exhibited, and the audience actually sat to see a man thrust his head into a lion’s mouth!” The same author also gives a copy of a curious bill, or advertisement, relative to this exhibition, the heading of which runs thus — “Have you seen the Lions and Tigers at Astley’s? Come early!”

The use of wine and spirits prevailed to a dreadful extent. It was common for men to be seen in the streets so intoxicated that they were quite incapable of walking. In this state they were secured by the police, and the next morning were fined “five shillings for being drunk!” Scarcely a newspaper of the period is found without a case of this kind in the police reports.

However, as education advanced, such things became less common, and at last ceased altogether.

There was one custom of this age which was decidedly the most savage and foolish of all. It seems now astonishing that the force of philosophy and ridicule did not extinguish it sooner; but at length Fashion did what these could not thoroughly accomplish. It fell so completely into the hands of bullies, professed roués, and the canaille, that no gentleman would engage in it; and it was not, then, long before the Law put an end to it. Our readers will, by this time, have understood that we allude to the practice of "Duelling;" and we will conclude this slight sketch by some account of this ancient mode of "honorable quarrelling" in the Nineteenth Century.

It appears that upon the slightest injury or insult, it was thought incumbent upon the person so injured or insulted to "call out" his adversary. To apply to the Law in lieu of sending a challenge, or to take no notice of the matter, were accounted equally mean-spirited and disgraceful. The challenge being accepted, and all preliminaries arranged, the parties met in a proper place,




and, almost invariably, with pistols. These they discharged at each other (often intentionally shooting wide of the mark) until the aggrieved individual declared himself "satisfied." It was then understood that they had acted in a perfectly honorable manner, and they were at liberty to shake hands and be good friends. If (as sometimes happened) one of these gentlemen of honor chanced to get a bullet through his head, or a limb broken, the other gentleman of honor usually betook himself to the Continent until the affair was blown over, or his antagonist declared out of danger. All comment on such a custom as "Duelling" must be superfluous.

How thankful ought we to be that we live at a time when such manners as those we have been describing no longer exist! Yet, let us not exult too much; for perhaps a future age may think little better of ours than we now think of the Nineteenth Century.

ENTERTAINMENT ON THE ROAD.

WHAT stores of amusement some people lose by merely neglecting to seek it! For instance, they will go through a whole journey and not exchange a word with their fellow-traveller on the right or left hand, when, if they had laid aside their reserve, they might perhaps have spent an agreeable instead of a dull day.

Instruction as well as entertainment may be derived from occasions of this sort. I received my first definite ideas as to how an ox should properly be fattened from a respectable farmer on the Lincoln coach, illustrated by a minute account of the rival fattenings of Mr. Jones and Mr. Muggins, ending in the glorious triumph of the latter. It was in the course of a journey to



Monmouth that I became acquainted with the opinions of that sect of intellectual Christians called the Jumpers, by the conversation of a preacher of the persuasion who sat beside me. On the road to Dover I heard the whole history of Bill Summers, the coachman, from his infantine years even unto the very moment he addressed me. Now all these things were worth knowing; and whilst I listened with pleasure, my instructors talked with still greater.

Last summer, on my way to visit a friend who resides at Southampton, I fell in with a very entertaining fellow. For some few miles out of London I had possessed the entire front of the coach; but at this point of the journey we pulled up before a road-side inn, and another passenger issued forth. Having first handed up a smart carpet-bag, he presently mounted himself, and took his seat by my side. "All right!" was the word, and away we rolled again.

My fellow-traveller presented rather a remarkable appearance. He was, I should say, something above thirty, with a countenance handsome—but shrewd and brassy. His eyes were dark—

his nose aquiline—and his mouth curled into a smile, with a slight dash of the sneer. He wore his black hair rather long, and was, moreover, decorated with whiskers and small, neat mustachios. His costume consisted of a blue cloth foraging cap, a blue and profusely braided frock-coat, and full black trousers, with a stripe down the seam.

This gentleman settled himself comfortably, and having disposed his legs as he thought proper, pulled his cap a little more over his eyes, and twirled his mustachios, he turned to me, and observed that it was a fine morning.

I assented to the remark, and gave it as my opinion that it would, moreover, continue fine all day.

“Why, Sir,” replied my companion, “I hope you’re right; for, let me tell you, the top of a coach is no very agreeable place in wet weather. *I’ve* been out in all weathers, and can therefore speak to the fact. I presume, Sir, you’re going on to Southampton.”

I replied that such was my intention.

“Then, Sir,” said he, “perhaps you’ll do me the favor of accepting a bill of my performance.

I open to-morrow, Sir, at the Assembly-rooms, and I think I can promise you'd be amused."

So saying, he put into my hands a bill, which set forth, garnished with sundry capitals and notes of admiration, that Herr Schwartz, Ventriloquist and Professor of Legerdemain, having made the tour of Europe, visited many parts of Asia, and travelled through the United States of America—having performed before most of the sovereigns of the earth, and in particular, before her Majesty Queen Victoria, at Buckingham palace—would now have the honor of submitting himself to the judgment of an enlightened Southampton public. That on Thursday next he would commence his performances at the Assembly-rooms, when he would cause money to vanish and re-appear—burn a handkerchief and restore it—give an exact imitation of a farm-yard—and achieve various other feats which seemed to set the laws of nature at defiance.

"Upon my word, Herr Schwartz," exclaimed I, "you have an excellent bill, and I shall certainly come and see you. Allow me, also, to congratulate you on your knowledge of the English

language. You must have studied it with great attention, for I do not perceive the least *German* accent."

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed the professor of legerdemain; "very good, Sir—very good indeed! If I knew no more English than I do German, egad, I believe this would be a silent meeting! No, Sir—it's only a custom in our line of life. We generally take foreign names, and consequently I call myself Herr Schwartz. The public like the look of it in the bill, and most of them know very well it's nothing *but* the name. Sometimes, too, when we are on duty, we affect a slight outlandish twang, and this keeps up the idea."

"Why," said I, laughing, "this seems a very innocent sort of deception. You say what you do not expect the public to believe, and they do not contradict it because they know it was never seriously intended. This tacit understanding, in my mind, spoils the whole thing, and makes it as insipid as sincerity. But, to change the subject, I imagine that you must have met with some strange and amusing adventures in the course of your experience?"

“ Yes, Sir,” replied he ; “ sometimes up—sometimes down. Now one thing—then another. I have seen a great deal of the world, and have travelled all over Great Britain ; but, as for the ‘ Europe, Asia, and America,’—you take me, Sir—that goes with the *name* !”

“ Well,” said I, “ you are candid, at all events ; and now may I impose on your candor a little more ? Will you oblige me with a dozen tickets for your performance and any adventures from your life that you may choose to rehearse ? I’m afraid, though, you will think me an unconscionable fellow, for I not only want you to entertain me at Southampton, but on the road to it.”

“ Not at all, Sir—not at all !” said Schwartz ; “ I’ll give you the tickets and the adventures with equal pleasure. I’m a public character, and, like other public characters, my biography should be known. Besides, as I tell it myself, I can soften (or leave out) anything I think proper, and the rascally biographers, perhaps, would not be so indulgent. Here goes then to spin my yarn, as they say in nauticals.

“ The lady who gave me to the world was the

daughter of a theatrical manager in the north of England, whose name, if you please, Sir, we will leave a mystery. My mother was pretty, lively, and a great favorite with the frequenters of the theatre. It happened, however, that, soon after her debüt, her health became affected, and she was compelled to retire for awhile to the country, in order to renovate. The air of the south being considered proper, she went into Devonshire, which, although at a great distance from her friends, was the retreat recommended by her physician.

“ At the end of a few months she returned in perfect health, and her face and figure both improved by rest and country air. She was immediately advertised for Juliet, “being,” as the bills expressed it, “her first appearance since her late severe indisposition.” Her reception was enthusiastic, and she became a greater favorite than ever.

“ About six months after this happy re-appearance, the friends of the family were introduced one morning to a pretty little child, who, in the course of time, has grown up into the fine tall

fellow now, Sir, addressing you. The following was the account given of it:—That, late on the preceding night, and whilst the rain was coming down in torrents, a dark man, about fifty years of age, had arrived on horseback with the information that the manager's only son, Orlando, had just died in Paris, and, with his last breath, had bequeathed his infant to the care of its grandfather. That its mother, whom Orlando had imprudently married, had died in giving it birth; and, as all her relations had deserted her in consequence of the marriage, the wretched father found himself without resources, and had, shortly afterwards, died of a broken heart. That, having related this melancholy story, which was certified by a letter written, in his last moments, by Orlando, the dark stranger, about fifty years of age, had given up the infant, wrapped in a blue cloth cloak, lined with white silk and trimmed with sable, and had then immediately departed in spite of the most pressing solicitations that he would stop and refresh himself.

“Such was the ingenious tale with which my mother and grandfather regaled their hearers. It

was well made up, for Orlando had, about ten years before, run away, and had never since been heard of; and they had prepared a most moving letter, supposed to be written at the point of death, and marked in proper places with tears, blots, dashes, and notes of admiration, complete. Whether some portion of scepticism might not have existed amongst their 'friends and the public' I cannot say; but the cunning inventors flattered themselves that the account was very decently believed.

"Meanwhile I was duly exhibited and duly caressed. Everybody admired me—and it was remarked, that my aunt seemed as fond of me as if I had been her own child—but then she had always loved her brother so! Some said I had my father's eyes—others, that I had my father's nose—and one old lady, who had long known the family, declared that I was the very picture of Orlando at my age. However, much as they might differ in details, they all agreed that I was a charming boy.

"At the proper age I was sent to school, and, after the usual humbug of '*Arma virumque cano*,'


which Mr. Hood very correctly construes, ‘an arm, a man, and a cane,’ I returned home, in order to qualify myself, by my grandfather’s instructions, for the stage, which it was his intention I should tread:

“I now commenced the study of dramatic authors, and got somewhat accustomed to the look of the audience in sundry peasants, robbers, soldiers, guards, and other trifling anonymous assumptions. At length my grandfather pronounced me fit to make my débüt, under my own proper name, in a character of importance. At my earnest request, Hamlet was fixed upon, and the same was placarded all over the town—my mother enacting the Queen, and my grandfather Polonius.

“Gods, in what a fever of anticipation I passed the time that elapsed before my appearance! I was drawn, by the irresistible power of attraction, to a large, full-length mirror, before which I rehearsed and attitudinized all day, to my own intense delight. The fact is, I was overflowing with self-conceit, and had a notion of shewing the people of the north, acting that would make the

great performers of London tremble in their very shoes!

“ At last the day—the important day—arrived, and, for the first time, I felt frightened as I saw my name, in large letters, advertised for the evening. Seven o'clock found me in the green-room, prepared for action—habited in the ‘customary suit of solemn black,’ and with a countenance, I'll swear, not improperly contrasting with the solemnity. The prompter's bell rang—the curtain rose—and Francisco and Bernardo commenced. The first scene, which appeared to be horribly short, having concluded—my time was come, and on I went, accompanied by the King, Queen, and Court of Denmark. As soon as I was discovered to the eager eyes of the audience, a storm of applause ensued, which I acknowledged by repeated bows—at the same time laying my hand upon my heart in the most approved manner. Having gone through these movements, I modestly fell back, and the business of the scene proceeded. His Majesty of Denmark said his say—then the Queen, my mother, addressed me; upon which, stepping forward, I replied, in my first speech,



‘Seems, Madam? Nay, it is!’ This was received with a moderate round of applause, and a gentleman in the stage-box said ‘Bravo!’ Now came my scene with the Ghost; but, confound the people, they were as cool as cucumbers! I began to be dreadfully out of spirits—the feeling communicated itself to my acting, and the curtain fell—to considerable applause indeed—but compared to the enthusiasm—the furor I had expected and calculated upon—pooh!

“As I was standing on the stage, in a tolerably savage mood, my grandfather came up, and seizing my hand, ‘Young gentleman,’ said he, ‘I congratulate you on your well-deserved success.’

“‘Success!’ repeated I, in a tone of incredulity.

“‘Yes, sure—success!’ exclaimed he. ‘What is the boy staring at? Did you expect to electrify the people, or bring down the house about your ears? It was as favorable a first appearance as I could wish—though you were a *little* frightened—Ha, ha, ha! Acknowledge you *were* frightened. Egad—there was no occasion—for I’ve seen many worse Hamlets in my time, I can tell you.’

“ ‘ You are too complimentary,’ said I, bitterly. ‘ However, the audience, I should imagine, by my reception to-night, have seen many better.’

“ ‘ Of course they have!’ coolly replied my grandfather, ‘ Of course they have! We have had Kean, and Kemble, and Macready, and all the London stars; and, faith, *they* have spoilt the town for all lesser lights! But, my dear boy, it is for melodrama I shall want you chiefly—practice is all that is necessary, and, in a short time, I’ve no doubt you’ll be a most useful member of the company.’

“ And this was to be the end of my ambition! Instead of making a fame that should carry me up triumphantly to London, I was to sink down into a ‘most useful’ actor in a country town! Instead of leading in tragedy, I was to embody the male injured innocence of melodrama! *Cospetto!* It was not to be borne!

“ However, for the present I submitted, and I was not idle. I was in the theatre from eleven in the morning until twelve at night, and was indeed ‘useful’—if being put up in three pieces every evening might be taken as a criterion. Heavens!


what misery I have gone through in the course of my various personifications! I have had my love torn cruelly from me—been accused of atrocities I never committed—and received wounds that would have killed any common man twice over! I have scaled heights that the most active cat would shudder at, and fired pistols until the ladies in the boxes screamed. I have seen more crime than would fill ten volumes of the Newgate Calendar—from which, indeed, many of the dramas were taken. This was what we used to call ‘strong interest;’ and, faith, we gave it them as strong as they could swallow it.

“You must not imagine that I endured this sort of life very patiently. On the contrary, I was disgusted with my situation, and was continually meditating plans to deliver myself from it. There was one young fellow—a member of the company, and a great crony of mine—with whom I often talked the matter over. His stage-name was Stanley, though we generally supposed this to be assumed. Where he came from, or who he was, nobody knew. Some believed him to be a runaway apprentice; others, a youth of good

family, who had left his home for some irregularities, and had taken to the stage for a subsistence. Whoever he might be, he soon became my inseparable companion.

“ He had lately dropped some hints which led me to imagine that whim, and not necessity, had induced him to turn actor, and that he was now tired of his freak. I was heartily desirous, too, of leaving the boards, and I resolved to sound him on the subject of our doing so together. Accordingly, we held a long council, the result of which was, that the next day Stanley took his leave of the manager and quitted the town. A few hours afterwards I gave my friends and relations the slip, and joined him at a road-side inn, where he had waited for me.

“ You see, Sir, I was obliged to run away in this manner, because I knew very well my grandfather would never have consented to my giving up the profession, and certainly would never have furnished me with money to make my exit properly. But now, by the luckiest chance in the world, I happened to have in my pocket sixty pounds which I had received that very morning,



on my grandfather's account; so that his character for generosity was preserved—I was made happy—and the money borrowed would be paid back as soon as possible.

“ We got on the top of a coach and travelled a long distance, until, in the evening, we entered a town, where we resolved to stop for the night. We put up at an inn, and I wrote to my grandfather, excusing my flight, and promising to return the sum I had taken. Soon after performing this dutiful act, Stanley and I retired to a double-bedded room, being tired out with the fatigues of the day.

“ And now I was assailed by a strong temptation. I looked upon my companion, who had gone to sleep immediately, and began to reflect how easily I might explore his pockets—drop down gently from the window—and leave him unsuspectingly snoring. This young fellow, thought I, is, I know, inclined to dissipation. He is going out into the world without any definite object, and is provided with money to mislead. By removing from him this bane of virtue I shall cause him to adopt an industrious and reputable course

of life, and, hereafter, he will bless me for the friendly office. I, on the contrary, who am more prudent and steady, would be greatly benefited by the money, which would have ruined him—and thus each would be situated in the manner best for him. But, whispered my conscience, the world would not take this view of the matter: they would say that you had basely deceived your confiding friend, and your character, now pure and unsullied, would be stained by the imputation of robbery. Take, oh, take care of your character, for it is a valuable thing, and requires much looking after!

“Soothed by these pious suggestions, the evil designs which had filled my mind gradually disappeared, and I sank into a slumber.

“I slept soundly, and, on awaking the next morning, I beheld with astonishment the window wide open, and a long rope hanging out, one end of which was fastened to Stanley’s bedstead. The whole thing flashed upon me in an instant. I jumped up and ran to my companion’s bed; but he was no longer there:—then, in a state of distraction, I searched my clothes, which I had de-

posited on a chair by my side ; but every pocket was empty. I now perceived, lying on the table, a letter, which I opened, and found as follows :—

“ ‘ My dear Friend,

“ ‘ You will, no doubt, be surprised at my leaving you so suddenly, and I will, therefore, explain the reasons which induced me to do so. When I reflected on your situation, I could not but be conscious that you were a young man entering on the world without experience, and in great danger of falling into evil ways. I was afraid that you had naturally a taste for dissipation, and I was sure, from the way in which you had robbed your good grandfather, that your principles were lax. With this sum of money at your disposal, what could be the result? Folly and, perhaps, vice ! I determined, therefore, to rescue you from this danger by throwing you upon your own resources. By and by, my friend, you will know that I acted entirely for your advantage. I have seen much of the world, and know the value of money, and this sum will be of inestimable use to me. Enclosed is sufficient to carry you comfortably


to London, and to maintain you on the road. From the hurried mode of my departure I am, of course, unable to settle with our worthy hostess; oblige me, therefore, by discharging my share of the reckoning, and believe me,

“ ‘ My dear friend,

“ ‘ Yours, very truly, .

“ ‘ WALTER STANLEY.’

“ This infernally cool and impudent letter utterly took away the little reason I had left. I stamped and blasphemed, and cursed the knavery of mankind. I vowed vengeance on the false friend who had so basely deceived me, and almost determined to give up every other design to follow him. When I was calm enough to reflect, however, I remembered that the money could not perhaps be strictly called my own, and that any uproar about it might lead to unpleasant consequences. I was therefore compelled to put up with the loss as I best could, and set out on the road to London after having paid the landlady's bill, which diminished considerably the small store the robber had bestowed upon me.



“ I shall not trouble you with a detailed account of my journey. It is enough to say that, after walking, occasionally getting a lift on a coach, and at other times mounting a waggon, I arrived at the Great Metropolis, tired, hungry, shabby, and moneyless. These are four bad things, Sir—particularly when they all come together.

“ As I was wandering about the streets on the first day of my arrival, a gentleman came up, and laying down a carpet, began to exhibit feats of posturing and sleight of hand to the crowd. I looked on with the rest and, observing that he had nobody to keep back the people and buffoon with the little boys, as is usual, I went up to him, when the performance was over, and offered my services. ‘ Hungry dogs’—you know the rest, Sir—and, by the lord Harry, it was rather a fall from melodrama to this! After listening with great gravity to my proposal, he beat me down to the lowest possible terms, which I was glad to accept; and the next day I entered on my duties.

“ Mr. Dobbins, my master, was dressed in magnificent style. His travelling great-coat being thrown off, discovered a waistcoat of variegated

colors, studded with silver stars—a fancy cap—white trowsers, and all the rest of it. I, being the dependent, sported a waistcoat rather the worse for wear, but splendid even in its decay. Then, with a long rope, furnished at each end with a gilt ball, I kept the crowd in a circle, firing off jokes, at intervals, and all the time looking sharp after the halfpence.

“ I had been in the service of Mr. Dobbins for about a year, when one day I met in the street a young fellow, who had formerly been engaged for minor parts at my grandfather’s Theatre. He did not recognise me ; but I resolved to accost him and ascertain whether my relations were still incensed against me, and whether there was any hope of a reconciliation now that affairs had gone so badly. Accordingly, I tapped him on the shoulder and, when he turned round, asked him if he did not know me ?

“ ‘ Know you ? ’ said he ; ‘ not I, indeed ! ’

“ ‘ Jenkins ! ’ said I, ‘ don’t pretend to forget your old friend. Have we not fought many a broad-sword combat together ?—and did I not one night give you a cut on the knuckles which, I

fondly thought, would make you remember me for ever?"

" 'Why!' said he, looking earnestly, 'can it be?—yes, it is! My dear fellow, who the devil would have thought of seeing you in this condition? We all imagined you had left us because you were too proud for the stage, and now I find you ——'


" 'Jack-pudding to a conjuror, at your service,' said I. 'Yes, Jenkins, the world has not used me well, and I have strong thoughts, if things do not soon mend, of writing a misanthropic poem in ten cantos. But, in the meantime, let me know something of what has passed at home since I left.'

" We adjourned to an ale-house, and Jenkins, to my great consternation, informed me that my grandfather and aunt (as he called her) had just sold off the Theatre and gone to America. They had been very angry at my flight, and in particular, it seems, had taken great offence at my presuming to borrow, without leave, so large a sum of money. Stanley had left creditors in every quarter of the town, and numberless young ladies

were inconsolable. Theatricals had grown worse and worse, and several of the principal tradespeople had publicly declared that going to the Theatre was not 'genteel.'

"This narration of Jenkins gave me to understand that, in future, I must depend on myself entirely, and must not hope for any assistance from home. Therefore, as soon as we had shaken hands and parted, I went straight to Mr. Dobbins and signified my intention of leaving his service. I had managed somehow to scrape together as much coin as sufficed to purchase a very tolerable set of conjuring apparatus; and now behold me practising for the benefit of myself alone! no longer Jack-pudding to an imperious and vulgar master, but with hopes some day of being able to thrash a Jack-pudding of my own!

"It would be impossible, Sir, to relate to you all the wonders I accomplished. I threw up balls—caught knives—balanced straws, and ate paper. The eyes of the people were useless when *I* undertook to deceive them. Besides, there were feats that I only talked about but never attempted—such as telling a person's thoughts—cutting a boy's



head off—putting one of the audience into a pie—and so on. I used always to say that this would conclude the performance, and would take place when a shilling was subscribed. The halfpence then would rattle in delightfully; but, when tenpence was gathered, I pocketed the money—said there was no encouragement for a poor fellow—and walked off to another street.

“It chanced one day that, as I was exhibiting my legerdemain at Greenwich fair, I looked up, and beheld a pair of eyes that made more havoc with me in one minute than any pair of eyes had ever done before. They belonged to Miss Nancy Timson, who had just appeared in the pay-box of her father’s Establishment, and who gazed down upon me from that height with an air of interest. My resolution was taken at once. ‘Here,’ thought I, ‘is a pretty girl who, poor little thing, evidently likes the look of me. She is the only child of old Timson, who is worth five thousand pounds if he is worth a penny! Whoever marries Nancy will be master of the booth when the present proprietor retires from business or the world. The thing shall be done!’

"Well, Sir, I 'walked up'—asked for old Timson, and offered to become a member of his company, under the name of Schwartz.

" 'What can you do?' says he.


" 'What can I *not* do?' says I. 'I'll make a card vanish into an apple—tie a knot in a handkerchief, and untie it without touching it. I'll do all things that are possible, and a few that are impossible!'

" 'Ah, well—I've no gentleman in your line,' says Timson, 'and so I don't mind if I try you. Only you mustn't expect much; times are hard, Sir—very hard!'

"You see it was not my plan to quarrel about terms; so, after I had performed a few feats as a specimen, we closed our bargain.

"I was immediately furnished with a fancy dress, and appeared with the rest on the stage in front. My fame spread all over the fair, for this was the only establishment where an illusionist of talent performed; and Timson was delighted with his clever stroke of business.

"Well, we moved on from fair to fair, and I lost no time with Nancy. The fact is, the girl could




not help perceiving I was something above the louts she had been accustomed to—and her tender heart melted daily. That courtship, Sir, stood me in a good sum, for I kept up the proper ardor by continual brandy and water. I sighed, wept, knelt, raved, quoted plays—by gad, Sir, I never gave her a moment's rest! It was not in the power of woman to resist all this, you know, so (at the end of about three gallons of brandy) she threw herself into my arms, and vowed she was mine for ever. To talk to the old dad would have been useless—so we ran away—got married—and then returned with dismal penitential faces, to ask the paternal blessing. What could he do? Why, just as the elderly gentleman in snuff-color always does in the farce. He stormed—then relented—then joined our hands, and told me to 'take her and be happy.' This, Sir, was all in the natural course of things; and the agreeable, impudent, irresistible young dog was triumphant, as he ever is and should be.

"Well, Sir, we travelled in our vocation for some years with great success. My wife and I agreed to a miracle, except when she had taken a

drop too much, and then, faith, there was no standing her tongue. She was a woman of little education, too, and this (to a gentleman who had studied Latin) was unpleasant; but I had great patience—and patience saves quarrelling.

“It happened at this time that the cholera was going about; and one evening, my respected father-in-law complained of being unwell—got worse—and (in spite of having no doctor) in three hours he died. Here was an event! I was now master of that well-known and long-established exhibition—Timson’s Theatre!—with all the decorations, dresses, and other appurtenances thereunto belonging. I was a man of wealth, at last, but I found that I had overcalculated when I imagined the late manager to be worth five thousand pounds, for all his property consisted of his Theatre and its furniture. However, this was an immense acquisition to a poor devil who had once officiated as Jack-pudding to a street conjuror.

“The first thing I did on taking possession was to institute a thorough reform. I re-painted, re-decorated, re-boarded and re-baized. Instead of the old inscription—‘Timson’s Theatre’—there



now shone forth, in letters of gold, ‘Schwartz’s Temple of Necromancy, late Timson’s Theatre.’ I engaged a clown to play antics outside; a columbine (a fine creature, Sir, I assure you,) and a harlequin. My wife, who had been brought up to the pay-box, received the money in a blue satin dress and a hat with a prodigious plume of feathers. I made her wear white kid gloves, too, and this we found very profitable—for, if any gentleman gave her silver, she never had change; and it couldn’t be expected that a lady in white kid gloves would be fumbling for dirty coppers. My columbine (who, I think I said before, was a splendid woman) brought the young fellows up the steps by dozens, to stare at her before the next performance began. She was a clever girl, and used to look down and blush; but the whitening and carmine took off a good deal from the last effect.

“My Establishment answered wonderfully. The *name* astonished them a little; and I dressed in a foreign style, as you perceive I do now, Sir, and gave a little of the German accent during my performance. All the other exhibitors were

dying with envy, and Schwartz reigned supreme.

“One evening—the last of a fair, where I had been unusually successful—I resolved to give a grand supper to my company at the conclusion of business. Accordingly, as soon as we had shut up for the night, we all assembled round a board that groaned beneath its load of delicacies. Bottle after bottle was emptied—glass after glass was drained—until I began to feel rather confused. The rest were in the same condition, I have no doubt, or they would certainly have carried their master respectfully to bed. As it was, I fell under the table, where I lay buried in profound slumber.

“Gradually I became aware of repeated pullings, fillips, and other energetic attempts to awaken me; and at length I conceived the meaning of a loud noise I had heard for some time, and which now resolved itself into the cry of “fire!” All around me was blazing, and the smoke was rolling in suffocating volumes. In three seconds I was sobered, and actively engaged in endeavoring to extinguish the conflagration or save some of the

property; but in vain; all I possessed was that night consumed, and I was left as penniless as ever.

“ When I was able to recover myself a little, I found the whole of my company gathered around me except my wife and the harlequin. I inquired anxiously for them, thinking that they might have sought refuge at some place in the neighborhood, but I could gain no tidings; and at last I began to entertain the horrible belief that they had perished in the fire. Happening, however, to put my hand into my pocket, I found a letter, that sufficiently explained their absence. It had evidently been placed there by my wife during the revels of the preceding night, and she and her paramour had then immediately taken their departure. The contents were something like the following:—

“ ‘ Herr Schwartz,

“ ‘ I’m not a going to be a slave all my life, so I tell you! Your bad language I’ve put up with as long as I could—but my patience is quite wore out. [She had always the last word, I’ll swear, Sir.] I know very well you only married

me for what you could get; and all your talk of love was nothing but moonshine! You thought to keep your pretty tricks with Columbine a secret, too—but I've found you out. [This was a base, unfounded charge, Sir.] If *you* like Columbine, I don't see no reason why *I* shouldn't like Harlequin, so I've put myself under his purtection; and now you are rid of your ill-used wife

“ ‘ANN SCHWARTZ.’ ”

“ What do you think of that, Sir? Was not that a pleasant letter for a wife to write to her husband? I was in such a rage that I almost forgot the real loss of my property. It was more cutting than the former epistle of my dear friend Stanley, and I began to think all the world alike.

“ Well, Sir, this was my break-up. Since then I have travelled about, engaging a room where I can; and though I have long ago recovered my spirits, and laugh as loud as ever, I look back with admiration and regret on the days when I was proprietor of a Theatre, and a man of substance and consideration.”

ON THE SCIENCE OF "CUTTING."


THERE are few who know how to cut an acquaintance in a really scientific manner—nay, so ignorant are some of the true mode, that I have known many persons actually appear extremely friendly to a family or an individual whom they disliked, merely because, as they said, they “didn’t know how to cut them.”

In the hope that I may do something towards dispelling this lamentable state of ignorance, I now offer a few hints on the subject.

“Cutting” may be divided into many distinct branches, each of which requires some knowledge of the world and some little tact to execute with the requisite degree of skill.

The “cut gradual” is rather easy of accom-

plishment, and is much practised by mothers of families who begin to see something wrong between Julia and Frederick, who has not a halfpenny in the world. This cut is effected by a gradual withdrawal of the two families, commencing with the younger members. Mrs. A. asks Mrs. B. to allow her Julia to spend a few days with her Emma. Mrs. B. replies, that Julia has a severe cold, and is lately grown very delicate; and, for her part, she thinks young ladies of her age ought to have something better to do than to be always gadding about. Upon this Mrs. A. rises in a hurry—shakes hands in the most friendly way—says that she will see her again very soon—and then goes home and thinks aloud to Mr. A. that “there is something very odd about that Mrs. B.”—that, for her part, she “wasn’t going to beg and pray of her to let her daughter come”—that “she shall come when she asks her again,” &c.; and concludes by giving it as her firm conviction, that it will very soon be “all off” between them and the B’s. Thus the affair goes swimmingly on, cold visits being occasionally exchanged, until suddenly one of the families removes to another




neighborhood; and in the bustle of the moment they quite forget to send the address to their late friends.

The "cut direct" is usually resorted to by individuals who have come to a decided quarrel, but who have not thought fit to carry their resentment so far as Chalk Farm or Wormwood Scrubbs. When you wish to give your former acquaintance the "cut direct," you should stare him full in the face, as if you had just some glimmering idea of his features being familiar—and immediately pass on with a firm and dignified step. This species of cut is also much practised by people who are thoroughly satisfied that they have paid you all they owe—and clerks who, having got a better situation, can afford the extreme luxury of staring their late employer out of countenance. Short-sighted persons often procure to themselves, very innocently, all the consequences of having practised the "cut direct." Wherefore, reader, if your vision should happen to be imperfect, my advice is that you take particular care to let the fact be generally known, and do forthwith mount a pair of lightly-made, blue-steel-wire spectacles—or, if

you prefer it, a very plain small eye-glass, suspended by a narrow black ribbon.

The next branch may be called the "ambiguous cut." It is practised when you perceive some one advancing whom you do not wish to notice, but still to whom you do not exactly wish to give the "cut direct." This is accomplished by looking up to the sky, as if watching a particular cloud—or suddenly stopping at a shop window, and contemplating with much interest some article exposed for sale—or by various other methods. As a general rule, I should recommend this in preference to the "cut direct"—unless in cases where you feel *very* decided.

There is another branch, which I shall here call the "safety cut." This is pretty much confined to gentlemen who have lived rather beyond their means, and are consequently somewhat fearful of any one too suddenly tapping them upon the shoulder—and editors of scurrilous publications, who have heard, from undoubted authority, that Mr. Jones, in the hope of one day meeting them, never stirs without a horsewhip in his hand. This cut is effected by turning down any alley or



street at hand—not in a marked and precipitate manner, that would be unscientific—but leisurely, as if indeed that were the way you had always intended to go—then, as soon as the corner conceals you from view, walk as fast as your legs will carry you, and dive down every court, alley, and lane, until you have fairly brought yourself into another neighborhood, and left your pursuer lost in amazement at your dexterity.

The last cut which I shall mention may with truth be called the “unkindest cut of all,” and is described here that all ladies may be upon their guard. This is effected by a man who has long been the accepted admirer of one of the females of a family, and is always very gradual. Letters are written from the gentleman to the lady, which can leave no doubt on the minds of her friends or relations as to his honorable intentions. Suddenly he is obliged to leave town for Bath; the letters are still loving in the highest degree—every communication commencing, “My dearest angel,” and concluding, “yours, till death,” and breathing in fact as much ardent affection as a sheet of post paper can conveniently hold. By degrees these epistles


grow less frequent :—" dearest" dwindles into "dear," and "yours till death," into plain "very truly yours." But the postman no longer finds the accustomed letter for you amongst his budget—his flaming red coat is anxiously looked for every morning—and every morning are you doomed to be disappointed. You see him knock next door—over the way—at No. 9—No. 11—at the corner house—but not one solitary messenger bearing the Bath post-mark can he find for you. At last, a letter actually does arrive, and is eagerly opened—the gentleman has taken his departure from Bath, and purposes making a short stay on the Continent. On sober reflection he has resolved not to marry for some time, and at the end he in tolerably plain terms defies you to prove that he has ever given a "written promise." In vain you search his letters for any term which can be construed into an offer—all is guarded, though seemingly careless, and the "cut" has been truly scientific.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CITY AND CITIZENS.

THE following paper fell into my hands in rather a remarkable manner. The facts are briefly these—for it is better to be candid at once. Last season, being in the pit of the Opera, I was taking a survey at the end of the first act, when I observed before me a gentleman, in whose pocket I could perceive, just peeping forth, a small, neat-looking manuscript, with this title written in a bold hand at the top, “Some Account of the City and Citizens.” I felt very curious as to the contents, and, inquiring the name of the gentleman, found that he was Sir Charles Morton, an acknowledged leader in the fashionable world. What could *he* know about the city? And what could have induced him to write on such a subject? I returned

to the spot. There he was still standing, with the paper disposed as carelessly as before. The temptation was great—no one was looking—now was the time! I walked up close behind him, and, in the quietest and cleverest manner possible, picked his pocket of the manuscript.

On leaving the theatre, and inspecting my prize, I found that it was indeed most valuable and curious, and was calculated to dispel a very erroneous feeling which prevails. It is generally supposed that the members of the fashionable world have but little interest for all persons out of their own coterie, and that they would esteem a curiosity on such points as bad taste in the extreme. This false and illiberal notion must now be given up, for I discovered that the manuscript contained the experience of a distinguished fashionable, who had spared neither time nor trouble to obtain correct information on a subject which he was sensible was but imperfectly understood, and was, moreover, of the greatest interest. It appeared to be his intention to publish the paper, (probably in some Magazine) and therefore, by giving it to the world, I do but fulfil his own wish: at the same time, by the humiliating con-



fession of petty larceny which must precede it, I sufficiently atone for that moment of weakness. I will detain the reader no longer by prefatory remarks; but will put him in possession of the document, which will, I am sure, give him great pleasure, as shewing how an enlightened spirit of inquiry, and an interest in whatever concerns his fellow man, is spreading amongst all.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE CITY AND CITIZENS.

It is strange, in the present day, when the rapidity and frequency of communication have rendered us familiar with the manners and customs of the most distant countries—when the arts, sciences, and literature of Europe may almost be called in common—when the prejudices and ill-feelings of nations and races are fast melting away:—it is strange, I say, in such an age of general intercourse, how little is known by us of an actually neighboring people, to whom we are bound by ties of no common description. I mean the inhabitants of that part of London lying to the eastward of the district which we inhabit, and which is known as “The City.” An ignorance like this is inexcusable: we really have no know-

ledge, worth mentioning, of this people. Their language is the same as ours; they are of the same country—nay, the same metropolis; they dwell, at this moment, where our forefathers dwelt; they tread the same ground that was trodden by the founders of our race. Oh! sooner shall England, the Mother of his Nation, be indifferent to an American, than the City to us!

Yet, with all this feeling of interest, does any accurate work exist on the Manners and Customs of the Citizens? None that I am aware of. The scanty knowledge which we possess on the subject is derived, almost entirely, from the conversation of the few travellers who have been amongst them but who have never thought proper to give their observations in a published form. And even these travellers, possibly, examined everything superficially and through the mists of prejudice. We have, indeed, living amongst us at the West-end, several persons who have formerly been inhabitants of the City; but as these, like most absentees, seem anxious to forget their native land, it is not easy to obtain accurate information from them; and the only safe mode is to visit the place

and judge for yourself. This proceeding I determined to adopt, and accordingly, without giving any one notice of my intention, I departed from my place of abode, and set out on a Pilgrimage to the East, consoled by the animating hope of acquiring knowledge and being enabled to forward the march of enlightened and liberal feeling. By this secret departure I escaped the ridicule which would have certainly followed the avowal of my romantic determination, and the importunities of friends who might have endeavored to delay or prevent my journey. I now present the reader with a few notes, collected by me during a sojourn of some continuance, and beg to inform him that I have a work of more importance in preparation, which will be published in a short time. It may be proper to state what were my means of obtaining information concerning the City and Citizens.

I left the West-end at the close of June, and did not return until the middle of March in the next year. During the whole of this time I lost no opportunity of making observations. I mixed with all ranks — went everywhere — and obtained introductions which gave me the entrée of the best

society. Being a tolerably good draughtsman, I made several drawings, which are now being lithographed, and will appear in the work before mentioned. Thus I may say, without vanity, that I have enjoyed as great advantages as any preceding traveller can have done. Whatever may be their faults, my writings will, I trust, possess the merit of correctness.

“The City” is a part of the Great Metropolis—London—and is bounded on the east by Aldgate—on the west by Temple-bar—on the north by Bishopsgate—and on the south by the River Thames. The whole intermediate space is filled by streets, the greater part of which are very narrow. “The City,” now so called, was anciently the metropolis in itself; but population increasing and fashion inclining westward, it was gradually deserted by people of rank—the colony of “The West-end” was formed, and the City became a mere trading community, with manners and customs very different from our own.

The Government consists of a President, a Senate, and a House of Representatives. The President is styled “Mayor,” and receives the

title of "My Lord." He is elected annually. The Senators are called "Aldermen; the members of the House of Representatives, "Common-councilmen." The whole system of government is decidedly democratic, and greatly resembles that of the United States of America.

With respect to the language, upon which so much has been said, I must confess that I found it differ but little from ours. The pronunciation, certainly, is not so refined, and the frequent recurrence of phrases connected with business, to which all the Citizens are passionately devoted, is apt to be embarrassing, at first, to a stranger; but this soon wears off. Some of their expressions, however, puzzled me exceedingly, as the reader may judge by the following :—


Thus, *a lame duck* means a ruined speculator.

„ <i>a bull</i>	„ a buyer of stock.
„ <i>a bear</i>	„ a seller of stock.
„ <i>a good man</i>	„ one who can pay his bills.
„ <i>a man of straw</i>	„ one who <i>cannot</i> pay his bills.
„ <i>kite-flying</i>	„ mutual accommodation by bills without capital.
„ <i>an alley-croaker</i>	„ one who spreads bad news on the Stock-Exchange.

These few phrases, culled from a great number,

will give some idea of the difficulties a stranger has to encounter.

The Population may be divided into the three grand classes of Merchants, Bankers, and Tradesmen, with their dependents. The Tradesmen are pretty much the same as ours—it is the other two divisions which are the most novel and interesting. Their minds seem perpetually filled with thoughts engendered by stock transactions, letters of credit, and bills at twenty-one days. They walk the streets as men do with us when a bailiff is in pursuit. They dart out of one dingy alley into another as if their lives depended on their speed, and, without appearing to look before them, have vanished round the corner before you fully ascertain that they have not knocked you down in their progress. In fact, in the City every thing is done on the high-pressure principle, and the only thing which they hold in equal abhorrence with idleness is the light of the sun: consequently all the streets are very bustling and very narrow, and every counting-house is remarkable for the number of its desks and the depth of its darkness.



The fashionable lounge, now destroyed by fire, was a building called the Royal Exchange, which supplied the place of our Hyde Park. Thither all persons of consideration repaired, at about three o'clock, and diverted themselves by making bargains until the hour for retiring was announced by the ringing of a large bell, and the gates were closed for the day. The absence of all females, however, gave a sombre character to the assembly, which must have appeared very dull compared with Hyde Park, at five o'clock, in the West-end season.

There is no attraction so great, to a pilgrim from the west, as the ancient edifices which surround him here. We are a new people, and can only look forward: the Citizens, on the contrary, can dwell on the past, and see, on all sides, monuments that are famous in history. Do not the names of the Tower, St. Paul's Cathedral, Guildhall, sound musically in our ears? We are so familiar with these, from drawings, that when we actually see them we can scarcely believe it is for the first time. I must acknowledge, however, that the drawings generally give us rather too flattering a view, and I was astonished to find the

reality so different. The Tower, for instance, which looks very well on paper, is nothing but an ugly mass of stone and brick, surrounded by a remarkably dirty ditch. St. Paul's, I suspect, the Citizens are heartily ashamed of; as they have fenced it round so ingeniously with shops and warehouses that no one can possibly discover what sort of a building it is. The Monument, on four several occasions when I went to view it, was enveloped in a thick fog, and therefore I will not pronounce on its architectural merits. Farringdon Market, which I thought of some importance, I could not find out by the most diligent search, and several persons, of whom I inquired, told me they had never heard of such a place. I am bound, however, to testify that some of their works are magnificent, and most of those they have recently finished excel anything we have achieved in the west.

In the course of my residence I visited, once or twice, their restaurants, which I did not find much to my taste. All was noise, and heat, and hurry. The favorite food of the Citizens (as I judged by the frequent calls for it) seemed to be

“roast beef and mealy potatoes.” This was generally followed by “baked plum,” and accompanied by a beverage called “half-and-half.” What is the nature of this beverage I am unable to say; but I rather believe it to be some sort of malt-liquor diluted with an equal quantity of water, and so called “half-and-half,” from there being *half* of each. The viands to which we are accustomed I found were but imperfectly known in these establishments.

The Costume of the Citizens is very similar in style to our own. All our fashions are imported soon after their first appearance, although, as might be expected, the imitation is generally not very happy. The women appear particularly anxious to ape our dress, and indeed sometimes they are tolerably successful.


The Religion is that of the Church of England; but all sects are tolerated. Jews and Quakers are very plentiful, and are indeed amongst the most influential men of the place. No one is prevented by his religious opinions from rising to the highest honors.

The Trade of the City with us is immense,

and consists chiefly of cotton goods, silks, wines, tea, sugar, spices, &c.

The Climate is much the same as ours; but not so clear, in consequence of the greater number of smoking chimneys within a given space, caused by the narrowness of the streets. This renders a lengthened residence by no means healthful or agreeable. The air is often completely full of blacks, which cover and defile all things, like a swarm of locusts. Fogs being also very common, the smoke mingles with the mist, and gives it a rich dark yellow tint, of which the Citizens are great admirers. It is certainly very peculiar, and invariably astonishes, if it fail to please a stranger.

The quarter in which the Aristocrats and persons of distinction dwell is an extensive suburb of the City, including Brunswick-square, Russell-square, and some others, which in appearance are very like our own. I went much into their parties and assemblies, and was delighted with the hospitality I constantly experienced. There was generally great splendor, but rather too evident ostentation and effort. I observed,



as amongst us, match-making mothers, anxious daughters, prudes, coquettes, dandies, and bores. The conversation, as it fell upon the ear, was very miscellaneous, and amused me exceedingly. The price of stocks—the last new opera—politics—Paris—Bellini—the Lord Mayor—Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer—green fat! Certainly the best society, amongst the Citizens, is wanting in that ease and exquisite polish which is only to be found, I am convinced, amongst *us*.

The City is by no means the abode of the Fine Arts. Picture-galleries, libraries, and concert-rooms, are here “few and far between.” Instances of native talent are but rare, and those ambitious to excel find themselves compelled to emigrate to the West-end. The publishers of the far-famed Paternoster-row, treat, almost solely, with western authors, and with a view to exportation.

To sum up the character of the Citizens from my own observation. They are shrewd and money-getting; but, at the same time, liberal. They are fond of magnificence and show, as is evidenced by the celebrated annual pageant on their Pre-

sident taking office. They are highly energetic, but want refinement of mind. They are partial to good eating and drinking.

I will now conclude this slight and imperfect sketch; but if I have excited a desire in any reader to know more of these his brethren and fellow-countrymen, I shall not have written in vain.

ON THE MOSAIC IN LITERATURE.

WHAT a glorious gallery of literary paintings, the accumulation of ages, now exists for the delight of the student! The great masters of every nation and period have contributed to form it—and truly the collection is magnificent! But, alas, for the aspirants of the present time! their predecessors have almost exhausted every novelty and beauty of the art. The modern productions, placed beside those of long-established excellence, are accused by the public of want of talent or originality. If the design be new, it is said that the drawing is bad. If the drawing escape censure—then the disposition of the piece is so like some other! But, supposing the candidate for fame so happy as to meet with no objection to either his

design or his drawing, then how miserable is the coloring!—"there is no light and shade—no mellowness! That mass of shadow is so hard—and that figure should have been brought out more! What would some of the great masters have made of this subject!"

Thus is the aspirant criticised. He has his choice of being wrecked on Scylla or engulfed in Charybdis. If his work be good, it is not new—and if new, it is not good. If he give to the world a production composed in the best taste, he is told that he has studied his predecessors too much; but should his production be inferior, he is told to study his predecessors a little more.

It must be confessed that there is great justice in these complaints. Such a multitude has appeared before us that originality and merit at the same time are now very scarce. A Pedant, from too much study, elaborates good old works; and a Dunce, from too little, dashes off bad new ones.

In spite of these discouragements, however, first-rate artists are continually appearing, whose works are worthy of a permanent place in the Literary Gallery; but innumerable are the pro-

ductions which fall, almost at once, into oblivion ; many, although in themselves not bad, being direct imitations of some great original ; and others, although with a degree of novelty, failing in coming up to the proper standard of excellence.

Yet, candidates for fame in literature who honestly do their best, and write as well and as newly as they can, should always receive respect. The very attempt, whether successful or not, entitles them to this ; and, if the resemblance to some fellow-laborer be not too near—and seem to have been unpremeditated—the work, if good, should not suffer. Absolute novelty, in the present day, must be considered, like absolute virtue, a thing never seen ; and we must be contented with an approach to it.

The difficulty being, then, so great for artists, except of commanding talent, to produce, on the literary canvass, anything like a meritorious and original composition, a class has arisen which prudently declines making the attempt, and whose hopes are derived from the cause which is so fatal to the hopes of all others—the works of the great masters. The name of this school is the MOSAIC.

Its followers possess just sufficient skill to put neatly together the ideas of others, and are totally devoid of the enthusiasm and hope of enduring fame which animate every legitimate artist, however humble. They do not even expect that their patched productions will be considered to possess any novelty, but they hope that, for a short time, they will please and, before they fall to pieces, handsomely remunerate the workman for his trouble.


The ideas of all their predecessors being public property, the superiority of one operator to another is shewn in his choice of materials, and in their skilful and harmonious arrangement. To select judiciously he should be well acquainted with all the best works, ancient and modern, so as to be able, in the course of his composition, to know exactly what masterly bit, cleverly copied or perhaps slightly varied from those works, will best suit his purpose. Gain is his object, and his utmost ambition is to make the performance pass for a veritable painting, until that object be accomplished. So blind is the public, and so perfect is often the workmanship, that this wish is commonly

gratified; nor does the sharper-sighted critic always, at once, detect the joints and expose the ruse.

Thus do these impostors degrade a sublime Art into a mechanical Trade. Tact, with them, supplies the place of Genius, and, by its aid, they place themselves on an equality with the true artists. With the increase of approved works their resources increase, and, as a matter of course, their numbers; so that there seems every probability of the workers in literary mosaic forming soon one of the most numerous-followed trades in existence.

FIVE MINUTES.

I WAS sitting in Kensington Gardens on a calm and beautiful summer evening. A clock at some distance struck eight; and I took out my watch to ascertain whether they agreed. They did so to a second. Unconsciously I fell into a deep reverie, induced by the stillness of all around; and, on awaking from it, found that I had still my watch in the same position—having, in my absence of mind, forgotten to return it to my waistcoat pocket. I glanced at it, and found it was exactly five minutes past eight! so that I had dreamily meditated away five minutes without having been at all aware of the lapse of time. This circumstance brought on another train of thought, and I began to speculate how this Five Minutes, which



had passed so unconsciously with me, had passed with others. To some it had brought happiness—to others misery. It had been *the* eventful period in the lives of many—and to others it had been but five dull minutes in the dull twenty-four hours. Yes: let Imagination assist us to pencil down some of the effects of this Five Minutes.

A girl is watching beside her dying sister. A little French clock on the mantel-piece strikes eight, and, as the sound faintly reaches her ear, the gaze of the sufferer is directed with a melancholy expression towards the spot, as if conscious that she has heard it for the last time. Her sister marks the action, and turns away to conceal her emotion. In a little while she bends once more over the invalid—she is dead! The hands of the clock denote that it is five minutes past eight.

Jack Easy, as he hears the hour strike, says, “Faith, I must go and dress for the evening;” He then stretches himself luxuriously—yawns slowly—and utters these words, “Gad—it is immensely warm to-day!” These several operations take him exactly Five Minutes to perform.

It is eight o’clock when a youth, whose uncle

has just bequeathed him six thousand a-year, takes a dice-box into his hands for the first time. He throws—and wins—and, in the space of five minutes, has secured a large sum. How fortunate! and yet the chances are that, eventually, he will pay at the rate of about a hundred pounds a moment for that fortunate Five Minutes!

Two friends, who have known each other from boyhood, met this evening, at eight o'clock, to decide a foolish quarrel, which arose from a hasty word, uttered without thought or intention of offence. They arrive punctually—the preliminaries are settled—they fire together: one remains uninjured—the other falls, mortally wounded. His opponent runs to him—every feeling of enmity is vanished—he calls upon him to look up, but in vain! How gladly would he give twenty years from his future life to recall that Five Minutes!

This is the first night of a new tragedy, by a “person of fashion.” The audience endure it most patiently for some time, but, at eight o'clock, a faint hiss is heard—it becomes louder—the author's faction applauds in opposition, and Five Minutes of tremendous uproar ensues—the result

of which is a summary extinguishment of the tragedy.

Ernest Fletcher is blessed with an ample income. His friends are around him—the corks of the champagne-bottles leap merrily forth—the wine flows—the laugh goes round—and all is joy and light-heartedness. As the clock strikes eight, a letter is delivered to the master of the feast, and at five minutes past he is aware of his being reduced to utter indigence.

An old man is hastening along, and, as he hears eight strike, he increases his pace, for it is the hour he has appointed to meet his lawyer on important business. His only son has offended him to the last degree, by privately marrying a penniless cousin who had been brought up with him, and the old miser has sworn never to forgive them. He is this night to get a new will drawn up, in which his son will be left totally destitute—he will cut him off with a shilling—“let him starve with the beggar he has married!” But, whilst these thoughts fill the brain of the old man, a sudden giddiness overpowers him—he falls to the ground—he is stricken by apoplexy! At five

minutes past eight the unhappy, cold-hearted miser is no more—and his son is a rich man—and the marriage is a prosperous one !

Lord Gosling, who has lost a fortune on the turf, locked himself in his room at eight o'clock, with the intention of putting an end to his miserable existence—but, after five minutes' calm meditation, he resolved to defer it until after Ascot races.

Tom Dennison, a poor devil "about town," weary with the ill-success of his efforts to live, had resolved to emigrate to that Land of Promise, Australia. He had appointed to meet a man at the Salopian Coffee-house, to negotiate the sale of a small property, in order to fit him out. The appointed hour—eight—sounds forth from the steeple of St. Martin's, and Tom arrives punctually at the Coffee-house. His friend has not yet come ; and, whilst waiting, he takes up the "Morning Chronicle." Suddenly he changes color and trembles—his eyes are rivetted to one advertisement—"Next of kin—Thomas Dennison—hear something to his advantage." Perdition seize Australia ! England for ever ! The "man


about town" is a poor devil no longer ; and Five Minutes bestowed on a newspaper has wrought the change !

A tall and handsome man is standing beneath a window which is half hidden by honey-suckle and roses. The village clock strikes eight—it is the appointed time—a white handkerchief is waved amongst the roses at the window. In a moment he is in the chamber, and rapturously embracing a beautiful and weeping girl. She is irresolute, and the name of her father escapes her lips. Her lover is frantic at the delay—he vows—he reminds her of her promise—he has prevailed—and, bearing the scarcely-conscious girl in his arms, he is at the garden gate. Five Minutes has sealed her happiness or misery for life.

The clock strikes eight as Frederick Ayrtton steps into a cab at Charing Cross, to be conveyed to the White-horse Cellar, Piccadilly. He is a young artist, who came to London two years ago in the hope of obtaining, without friends or connexion, notice by his merit. No wonder that he is now going to mount the coach to return, disappointed and spiritless, to his friends—resolved

to abandon the Arts for ever. It is late—he bids the driver of the cab hurry. On they go—fast, indeed—but they have not proceeded for more than five minutes, when a heavy broad-wheeled wagon interrupts their progress — All at once, the young artist finds himself lying in the road, bruised, and with his left shoulder dislocated. He is conveyed home. The cure is very slow. To while away the time he commences a picture. He becomes enamored of his subject—he determines to remain for some time longer in town, and send it to the exhibition. He does so—it attracts notice—it sells for a good price. The purchaser introduces him to a first-rate connexion. Frederick Ayrton will arrive at fame and riches. To what does he owe his rise in the world? To that Five Minutes of rapid driving, which ended in his being, most luckily, thrown from the cab.

Is all mere imagination, or did something like what I have been relating occur whilst I was sitting buried in profitless musing? Yes: I have, surely, mingled facts with fiction, and have described many of the real events of this Five Minutes.



FASHION AND TASTE.

THERE is nothing more amusing to a disinterested observer than the blind homage so generally paid to FASHION—or the opinion of the day as regulated by law. The example is set by a few, who make it the object and amusement of their lives—explained and enforced by others, who levy heavy contributions for their trouble—and followed implicitly by the crowd—whilst the originators laugh at the easy folly of their dupes.

The mania has infected all ranks and all ages. High and low—rich and poor—old and young, endeavor, with all their hearts, to be “fashionable.” Every facility is accordingly given by those who are interested in keeping up the feeling.

Bad imitations of the original folly are "placed within the means of all," and all congratulate themselves on being "quite in the fashion."

Yet, alas! these bright and intoxicating joys are too often but deceptive! For the greater number do not become fully aware of a fashion until it is voted *passée* with its projectors, and a new one promulgated. The Spectator says that, in his time, the ideas and modes of the metropolis only reached the Country 'Squires when they were obsolete amongst the "men of wit and pleasure about town;" so that, by continually striving to be in the fashion, the poor 'Squires managed always to be out of it: whereas, if they had never troubled themselves about the matter, they would often have been right by accident. The same remarks will apply, in the present day, to the lower of the middle ranks, who, in the time of the Spectator, were much too wise to make the attempt.

It would be a strange thing to see how differently some people would act if released from the thralldom of fashion! What makes Mr. Jones shiver out the winter at Brighton when he declares that the proper season for the coast is au-


tumn? Why does Mr. Jenkins drink claret, which disagrees with him, instead of port, which he secretly prefers? Why should Mrs. Smith give parties of a hundred and fifty people when she delights in sociable little coteries of twenty? Gentle reader—these are sacrifices to fashion! It is not at all proper to do just as you please.

Will the time ever come when this ridiculous yoke shall be shaken off, and the only guide acknowledged be the peculiar Taste of each individual, regulated by experience and a regard for the General Good? Yes: it must be so. The present creed will become so profaned and vulgarized by general adoption that its folly will be too evident, and Fashion itself rendered unfashionable! The Priests will desert their Deity—the crowd will follow their example, and the old worship will fall into universal contempt!

These were my meditations the other evening, after having dipped into a volume of one of those delectable literary productions yclept a “fashionable novel.” Whether it were caused by the soporific qualities of the said literary production I know not, but I gradually fell into a doze, and my

thoughts, still continuing, formed themselves into the following dream :—

I imagined I was on an extensive plain, and perceived, at a considerable distance from each other, two Temples. The one was of great elegance, combined with simplicity, and constructed on the purest principles of architecture. A crowd of worshippers was proceeding towards it; but, on taking a survey of the plain, I perceived their number was as nothing compared with the myriads who, from every direction, were pressing towards the other Temple. This was of the most gorgeous appearance. It appeared to be built on no regular plan, but to have undergone continual changes, according to different caprices; and the general effect was more magnificent than pleasing. I was very desirous of learning to what Deities these two Temples, so dissimilar in appearance, were dedicated; mixing, therefore, amongst those who were proceeding to that last described, I was about asking the question of some one—when I observed, advancing towards me, a figure with whom it seemed (by a common incongruity in dreams) that I was well acquainted; although



now, in my waking moments, I should be puzzled to say who the gentleman was. Having saluted each other, I inquired whether he could gratify my curiosity. He regarded me for a moment, and then burst into a laugh.

“Is it possible,” said he, “that you can be ignorant of such a fact? The Temple which you first remarked is dedicated to Taste. That is not much frequented. The splendid edifice which you see before you is the Temple of Fashion—a Goddess worshipped by every person of the least consideration. I am now going to pay my visit of devotion, and, as you really appear quite ignorant of the whole matter, I will even be your instructor. Come with me, and I think I can guarantee you admission to the Temple. You will understand better, by and by, how great a privilege this is.”

“Accept my best thanks,” said I, “for your kindness. But would it, then, be so difficult to gain admittance if I had not the advantage of your patronage?”

“Would it be so difficult to gain admittance!” repeated he. “Oh, you are worse than I thought.

My dear friend, I see I must be liberal in my instruction. Why, it is but a chosen few who ever obtain that privilege. There are thousands of ardent and devoted worshippers of Fashion who have never passed (nor ever will pass) the threshold of the Temple. The mandates of the Goddess are made known to them by her emissaries, and are obeyed with alacrity. The very idea of the difficulty, almost amounting to impossibility, of ever being admitted amongst the favored few seems to have the effect of making their devotion glow more ardently."

"In heaven's name," said I, "how can such infatuation be accounted for?"

"Very easily," replied my companion. "The knowledge of the delightful triumph they will obtain over less fortunate rivals, if they can by any chance succeed, makes them resolve never to relax in their efforts. And, besides, advancement short of this *ultimatum* is an object worthy of every exertion."

"And are the pleasures of even obtaining admission to the Temple, and being one amongst the favored few, so great and exquisite as to war-

rant this arrogance on one part and envy on the other?"

My companion here drew me aside. "I will tell you," said he, in a low tone. "I have promised to introduce you, and will therefore make no reserve. It is all moonshine—all deception. In fact, I am devoured by ennui."

"Then," said I, with astonishment, "why not proclaim the cheat at once? Why keep up so strange a delusion?"


"What!" replied he. "Would you have me declare that the privilege I so long and ardently strove to obtain is not in reality worth possessing—and so turn envy at my success into pity for my folly? No, no: that were rather too magnanimous! Let them enter the Temple, if they can, and find it out for themselves. I am now pointed out as the exclusive—the favored one, and depend upon it I will say nothing to lessen their admiration. Besides, if I were to tell them that all this distinction loses its zest after the first novelty—do you imagine they would believe me? No, they would wish to satisfy themselves by experience."

"I feel very curious," exclaimed I, "to behold this place, so coveted and so unattainable. Let us proceed."

"Willingly," replied my companion. "But, before you can hope for admission, your appearance must undergo some change. Even I, with all my influence, could do nothing for you in that costume."

With these words he beckoned to a man whom I had before observed as very busy amongst the crowd, and directed him to prepare me, as far as his department went, for presentation to the Goddess Fashion. Upon my making him a present in gold, he produced a wand from his girdle and, touching me, I immediately found myself in an elegant dress, very much in the same style as that worn by my companion. After receiving the assistance of three or four other familiars of the Temple, I was declared to be presentable.

I now observed, for the first time, that all around us were, with slight variations, habited in one mode—such mode, I was told, being the present law of Fashion—although liable every instant to change, in which case nothing but the most




implicit submission could give the aspirant any hope of favor. I was also told that it was only those amongst whom we now were, in the immediate vicinity of the Temple, who were perfectly *en regle*, which was owing to the assiduity and correct information of its familiars. The further from the gate the less correctly were the laws of Fashion observed; whilst the distant ranks were, in every respect, unlike their more fortunate rivals in the front; indeed, I was assured they were frequently two or three laws behind—though all the time they imagined themselves possessed of the newest decrees as they were issued in the Temple.

“And is it possible,” said I, “that people so remote can expect ever to behold the interior?”

“Oh,” replied my companion, laughing, “you know not the hopes and fears, the pride and envy, of a votary of Fashion, in whatever station. It is true, they cannot reasonably expect to advance even *near* the Temple; but they may, by assiduity and flattery, succeed in gaining the favor and patronage of those in advance of them, and so procure admission into the few front ranks of

their immediate neighborhood — and then how they will pity, and be envied by, those who are now where they formerly were themselves ! Their smile is worth more than smile of theirs was ever worth before ; and any aspirant of lower grade on whom it falls, gains promotion as a matter of course. Nor is the effect ended here. The smile invests the smilee with considerable abilities as a smiler, and a diminished power of advancing others by his favor—and so the original underived smile travels, losing something in influence at each stage of its progress, until, at last, the effect is no longer perceptible.”

We were now close to the gate of the Temple, which was extremely narrow, and the struggle to obtain admittance became more animated—though I observed that in no instance did any candidate succeed, unless under the auspices of one already possessing the entrée. My companion left me an instant, whilst he entered the Temple to request of the priests of the Goddess that he might be allowed to introduce me, as, without their permission, no one could reach the interior. In a few moments he returned, and, taking me by the



hand, led me into the Temple without the least opposition from those who guarded its entrance—but not without the muttered curses of the unfortunates who were still doomed to sigh on its threshold.

Heavens! what a scene of enchantment was here! I was, for some time, quite lost in admiration and astonishment; but at length I was able to make observations. The interior was constructed of marble and variegated woods, ornamented with a profusion of gold and precious stones. It was brilliantly illuminated by innumerable lamps and candles—for the light of day was but partially admitted. Pictures, busts, and vases appeared in compartments and niches around the building, whilst magnificent pier-glasses, placed at proper points, reflected the whole scene. The most delicious music floated through the air and, borne seemingly with it, the richest odors. Every sense seemed appealed to—it was truly a region of delight! The sound of my companion's voice broke in on my rapturous meditation.

“You are charmed, I have no doubt,” said he, with a sardonic smile. “It is generally the case

for some little time after the portal has been passed. But moderate your transports, and let us proceed to the upper end of the Temple, where is the throne of the Goddess."

We accordingly made our way through the glittering crowd, which extended on all sides as far as the eye could reach, until we arrived at the spot.

And now I beheld the universally worshipped Goddess, Fashion. She was seated on a superb throne, surrounded by her priests, and attended by the familiars of the Temple, who made known and executed her decrees. Her figure was slight and elegant, but certainly not majestic. Her countenance displayed a mixture of vanity and folly far from prepossessing. She was attired in a robe, which perpetually varied its color as the slightest motion presented it in another light; and she wore a coronet, in which sparkled the most costly gems.

"I must now," said my companion, "do homage to the Goddess. You can watch me, and take a lesson how to proceed yourself"

So saying, he advanced with an air of re-



verence to the foot of the throne, and made his obeisance. The Goddess seemed not to be aware of his presence ; but he received a smile of encouragement from the High Priest, and a friendly word or two from those of inferior rank.

This I knew was sufficient to make him of increased importance in the Temple, and, as I expected, he joined me with no little exultation.

"Did you see how well I played my part?" said he. "I am now a much greater man than before I received these public marks of favor. What honors may I not hope one day to attain! But come: you shall mix with our companions, and acquire, in some degree, the air of the place: I will then present you to the Priests of the Goddess, that you may also pay your homage."

"Will you satisfy me first on one point that astonishes me?" said L. "It is, the great power seemingly possessed by the Priests. I observed, that when you bowed to the Goddess she did not acknowledge your worship in the slightest manner. This was reserved for the High Priest."

"Ha! ha! ha!" exclaimed he; "what, have you found that out already?—yes: the all-powerful

Goddess, Fashion, is indeed but a puppet in the power of her Priesthood, and more particularly of her High Priest. *They* it is who direct what decree she shall issue, and what form she shall take. Sometimes she appears old—sometimes young; at one time she is beautiful—at another just as ugly; nay, not unfrequently she assumes the exact likeness of her rival Taste—but all her mutations are dictated by the Priests.”

“And the decrees which are obeyed as the laws of Fashion, then,” said I, “are, in fact, nothing more than the caprices of her Priests?”

“Nothing more,” said he; “indeed, this is pretty generally known; but we are encouraged to submit implicitly to this power, in the hope that, by doing so, we shall one day be amongst the Priesthood ourselves, and dictate to others as we have ourselves been dictated to.”

“Now that my first admiration at the enchantments of the Temple is passed away,” said I, “the folly of the worship seems to me inconceivable. Heavens! what an existence for a rational being!”

“Why,” said my companion, “it is not very intellectual, I own; but then it is our custom to

despise intellect, as we cannot exercise it; and, if our life be one of folly, we keep each other in countenance, and never utter the unpleasant suspicion. Come, let us join some coteries, and converse according to the existing laws."

"What!" exclaimed I, "is conversation restrained, too, by the tyranny of Fashion?"

"Can you tell me anything that is not?" replied my companion, with a smile, and something of a sneer; "oh yes: take care you do not praise, or indeed seem to know much about, any author, composer, painter, or other artist not recommended by the Priests of Fashion. Let me advise you also to pronounce your words drawlingly, and to speak in a tone of contemptuous compassion of the 'common people'—that is, the people on the outside of the Temple."

My companion had not deceived me. The conversation was exactly as he had described; and, now that my attention was drawn to it, I remarked that the music which continually floated through the Temple—the books strewn about on the tables—the busts, statues, and paintings that adorned the walls—were all by the artists in

vogue at the time, though subject to continual change. As the decree of Fashion declared them no longer in favor, everything, I was informed, underwent a magical metamorphosis. The strains of music melted into those of more recent composition, and the pictures on the wall suddenly faded completely away, and were replaced by others. But nobody seemed to regret the change ; and the novelties were as much admired as those which had preceded them—until, in turn, they yielded to others still newer.

I was filled with astonishment at the blind infatuation which could deliver up in such a manner both body and mind to a voluntary slavery. Whilst meditating thus, I was interrupted by my companion. “ Now,” said he, “ I will perform my promise, and introduce you to the Priests of the Goddess. Who can say that you may not be received as well as I have been, and have reason to hope for as much advancement ?”

“ I wish you every success,” replied I ; “ for my part, I shall now leave the Temple. I have gratified my curiosity, and shall try whether the

worship of Taste be not more in accordance with my inclination."

"The worship of Taste!" repeated he, in a tone of astonishment; "are you mad? You have attained what thousands on the outside of the Temple are sighing for in vain—and will you now give up all your chance of preferment?"

"Even so," replied I; "you have confessed that you do not think with much more reverence of Fashion than I do; but, having succeeded in obtaining a thing not worth possessing, you will not own to the world that your trouble was in vain. Come, my dear friend; you are worthy of better things than this senseless thralldom—will you accompany me?"

"To the insipid Temple of Taste?" replied he; "certainly not!"

"Then, farewell!" said I; and, hurrying through the building, in a few moments I was on the outside of the portal so many were panting to pass. As I proceeded, I was treated with the most obsequious respect, as one possessing the entrée of the Temple. Gradually, however, it got

whispered about that I had given up the worship of Fashion, and the looks of envy were immediately changed into those of contempt. I was avoided as one who could advance nobody, and whose notice was not worth obtaining.

And now I approached the Temple of Taste. Few indeed were the votaries proceeding in that direction, for all seemed hastening towards the shrine of Fashion. Amongst my fellow-travellers I observed one, who struck me as likely to give me correct information. This was a youth of prepossessing countenance and elegant appearance, but very unlike the friend I had just left. I accosted him, and telling him that I had quitted the Temple of Fashion in disgust, I requested him, if conversant with the worship of Taste, to give me some instruction in his Faith.

"Willingly," replied he; "I am now on my way to the Temple, and, if you accept me as a guide, I will explain everything."

This offer was very welcome, and we proceeded together on the way. I observed that here, as at the Temple of Fashion, familiars were employed in preparing worshippers for presentation to the

Goddess; only that, instead of performing their office in an uniform style, as the existing law dictated, these appeared to consider the questions of age, rank, peculiarities, and the inclination and fancy of the individual. I accordingly availed myself of the assistance of these agents, and was agreeably surprised at the change in my appearance.

My guide and myself were now close to the Temple. Instead of possessing only one narrow entrance, like the Temple of Fashion, it was open on every side, and, as my companion informed me, admitted votaries of whatever rank without necessity for introduction or interest. These paid their homage to the Goddess and immediately gave place to others, so that the Temple was never crowded with stationary groups, like that I had recently left.

Passing between two of the pillars which supported the roof, we were in the interior. If I had been struck with the gorgeous magnificence of the Temple of Fashion, I was more so with the elegant and chaste simplicity of the Temple of Taste. It was of a circular form, constructed solely of white

marble, whilst the sun-light streaming around made the whole appear to the greatest advantage. I was extremely delighted; but my feeling was entirely distinct from the stupid surprise I had experienced on entering the Temple of Fashion.

I now directed my attention to the throne of the Goddess, which was placed in the centre of the edifice, and was charmed with the contrast which appeared between this Deity and Fashion. Her countenance was animated and beautiful. Modesty and good sense were blended, and the whole ennobled by an air of the utmost dignity. Her votaries, as they presented themselves, received each a smile of welcome.

My observations had hitherto so absorbed my attention that neither my guide nor myself had uttered one word; but now I broke silence.

"There is one circumstance that surprises me much," said I. "The Goddess Fashion is surrounded on all sides by Priests whose influence is supreme. Here there appear to be none."

"It is true," replied he; "the Goddess issues no laws, and therefore requires no Priests to explain them. Every one pays his court to her in

But it is not only at the time of fire-lighting that you feel the pleasure it affords. As often as you look at the fire afterwards, whether in the flush of recent coals or the depression of accumulated cinders—through all the stages of its life, even up to the last expiring embers, you are conscious that its existence is owing to you. You it was who first called it into being; you it was who watched it tenderly during infancy; and to you, if a fire can feel gratitude, should that gratitude be paid!

All this is caviare to a self-important gentleman, who will have his fire lighted for him, and never enters the room until it has properly burned up. To him a fire is only a mass of lighted coals, intended to keep the air at a proper temperature. He would consider any further interest as foolish. He could not spare time to be bothering with a fire. It is more trouble than it is worth!

This, now, is the sort of fellow who would ring for a servant to stir the fire or put on more coals. 'Tis pitiful—very pitiful! A well-constituted mind would feel a pleasure in administering these little necessary attentions—but *he* understands nothing

PEN-AND-INK PORTRAITS.

THERE are certain brief, pithy phrases and epithets in our language which have obtained so established a circulation in society that, like the little, flimsy, unimportant-looking scrap of paper called a bank-note, which is universally known to represent a definite amount of sterling bullion, they are unhesitatingly given and taken by all parties at a certain conventional value, without explanation on the one side, or examination on the other. So well is the precise value of each supposed to be defined, that when the term a "capital fellow," or a "splendid woman," has been used, the utterer feels perfectly satisfied that he has as effectually conveyed a distinct idea of the object alluded to

as if he had spoken of a black horse, a dun cow, a pointer dog, or an elm tree. It is true that there are some minds so vivid and acute that they can at once conceive all the attributes attachable to the compendious adjective; but others are miserably at a loss, and can form to themselves but a very dim notion of the person in question. Actuated by this consideration, I have succeeded in getting up a small portfolio of half-a-dozen sketchy pen-and-ink portraits, each illustrative of a conventional epithet, which I herewith submit for general perusal. To the uninitiated my outlines may be useful: whilst the connoisseur may soften, heighten, retouch, or elaborate, to his taste.

AN OBLIGING MAN.

This is a stoutish, oldish, single gentleman, with a ruddy, merry countenance, and manners to match. He tells facetious stories, rallies the young people, and is perpetually making brisk observations, which he follows up by a loud laugh—thereby indicating them to be jokes. He is a most useful man in parties. He will sing a song directly he is requested, and sometimes without being requested at all: he

will take a hand at whist on the shortest notice : he will dance, if another couple be wanted ; he will wait on the ladies at supper more diligently than any professed waiter—and, in one word, will do anything to “oblige.” A pic-nic is a mere nothing without him. He will take two pies in each hand—half-a-dozen plates in one coat-pocket—and three bottles of wine in the other. Then he carves everything for everybody—laughs, almost to suffocation, at his own awkwardness—and drinks liqueurs out of an egg-shell. In every family he visits he is treated quite like one of themselves. He accompanies the children to the theatre when papa is detained by business—fills his pocket with sugarplums for them—spins a top to shew them the way—and earnestly advises them to “knuckle down” at marbles.

An “obliging man” must not marry if he wish to retain his popularity. He cannot be any longer teased about Miss Arabella Taylor, whom he was suspected to have flirted with ten years ago ; nor Miss Mary White, who always takes his part when he is called an old bachelor. All the amusing badinage as to his matrimonial intentions would

then be over, and he and the ladies most insipidly at peace with each other.

He dies, aged about sixty, and leaves all he has, divided into nice little legacies, amongst his friends; thus proving, even at the very last, his anxiety to "oblige."

A DEAR CREATURE.


This is a young lady whose character is somewhat similar to that last sketched. She enjoys great popularity, because, as she has few pretensions, she appears to interfere with the selfish views of no one, and is, moreover, willing to make herself generally useful.

"Oh! Charlotte Newton is such a 'dear creature!' Everybody likes her; and she is *so* useful in company—and *so* ready to do what she can! Poor thing!—it is a great pity she has no money; for really, though not pretty, she looks very well by candle-light. But all the world knows her father was nothing but a poor captain in the army."

So Miss Newton is asked to every party as a matter of course. She waltzes with Alfred Beville;

but if "dear Fanny" should happen to indulge a penchant for Alfred Beville, she will waltz with Ensign Huggins rather than make her uneasy. She has but little voice, she knows; but it is better to sing when you are asked than refuse and be called affected. She knows the first of all duets and all trios, but will take the second if agreeable. Italian is the same to her as English, and indeed she greatly prefers it as being more soft and silky. She likes the harp much better than the piano, and would practise on it three hours a day—if she had one. Her papa promised to buy her a harp—but he is a naughty, tantalizing papa!

She marries excellently at the age of twenty; but, alas! the happy man is the admired of "dear Fanny;" and, whilst she appeared so disinterested, she was all the time artfully manœuvring for herself. The whole family is indignant at her deceit, and the *ci-devant* "dear creature" is henceforth "that odious creature, Mrs. Beville."




AN ELEGANT YOUNG MAN.

The proper location for this character is a ball-room. There he talks, and laughs, and dances—and ever and anon casts a glance of contemptuous pity on those dull fellows whom he considers quite in the shade as compared to himself. At the ball to-night he speaks of the ball he was at last night, and the ball he is to be at to-morrow night. Then his language is so “elegantly” chosen. He gives the most refined phrases the most refined utterance—whilst he avoids all danger of anything odd and improper by never uttering anything that has not been uttered so often before him as to be, beyond doubt, quite correct. He eschews politics as vulgar; but his opinions are conservative—as every *gentleman’s* opinions should be. He affects literature, and writes “Lines to a pearl bracelet” in Miss Angelica Smith’s album; but if you speak to him on literary subjects, you soon find that “Lines to a pearl bracelet” is the meridian of his genius. He plays a little and sings a little. He is extremely partial to the modern Italian school of operatic music, but allows that it is becoming

“fashionable” to admire Mozart and other German masters. He draws heads in very black chalk and has them framed, with his name and the date of the achievement written in the corner. In short, this “elegant young man” is a very trifling person, with by no means a trifling opinion of himself.

AN AMIABLE GIRL.

This is a young lady of pale and pensive countenance—not pretty, but interesting. She dresses in white, and bears a bouquet. She sits close to her mamma and the wall. A gentleman is introduced for the next quadrille. She bows her head and moves gracefully to her place, inhaling by the way the fragrance of her inseparable bouquet. A most interesting and edifying conversation then takes place, which consists of a sort of drawing-room soliloquy by the gentleman, with echos of some of his words at appropriate intervals by the lady. To all direct questions she returns the shortest possible answers. She has few opinions of her own; and her silence proceeds, in some degree, from *mauvaise honte*; but, in a greater degree, from having nothing to say. Yet though




she is thus icy to *you*, she thaws wonderfully, you hear, amongst her intimates. Then she is highly accomplished. She draws beautifully, and sings divinely, it is said; but cannot utter a note if any one be present—she is so nervous. She is addicted to novels, but only those of the sentimental order.

She marries Mr. Rawson, a little attorney in a large way of business; and the “amiable girl” becomes a matter-of-fact woman.

A DASHING YOUNG FELLOW.

This is a youth who is the idol of milliners’ girls of seventeen who have read “Don Juan,” and think dissipation graceful in a young man. He is by profession a lawyer’s clerk, and his emoluments amount to thirty shillings a week. He dresses in a knowing style, wears no gloves, and carries a thick stick in his hand. He is frequently to be found, at half-price, in the lobby of some theatre, whence he makes occasional excursions to the boxes. Here he surveys the stage for about ten minutes, but his perceptions are rather confused by those two glasses of brandy and

water with Jack Mitchell; so (with a tremendous slam of the box-door) he again betakes himself to the lobby or saloon—his proper element. As a general rule, he never appears in the street at night without a cigar—real Havannah, and very cheap. He occasionally wears a green shade closely over one eye—which is inflamed in consequence of writing so much by candle-light. His reading is chiefly confined to the newspaper class of literature; and if asked by a march-of-intellect companion his opinion of the Waverley novels, he stares, and says he doesn't "know much of that sort of thing." He has no great taste for music, but likes "a good song." On Sunday he treats his favorite fair one to Greenwich, where she presides at the tea-table with much grace, and afterwards runs down the hill, supported by the arm of our youth, who assures her "there is nothing to be afraid of." All the rest of the week she sighs, and wishes that truth were to be found in man—"but la, Mary! them dashing young fellows are never to be trusted!"



A GENTLEMANLY MAN.

This is a person who is held in great consideration amongst the lower of the middle ranks. His dress, his air, his conversation, are all objects of imitation. He lives on an annuity of five hundred pounds—does nothing at all useful—and despises all who do. His wife is the sixteenth cousin of a lord, which fact he took great care to communicate to the world in the newspapers at the time of the marriage. He may consequently be said to belong to the aristocracy; and this accounts for his intimate knowledge of the marriages and intermarriages of the great ones of the land. He speaks learnedly of the opera, and knows to a day when the fashionable season begins, and when it ends. He alludes frequently to circumstances which occurred when he was “on the Continent,” and pities much people who have not travelled. He speaks French with the veritable London accent. He dislikes port, and has ideas about being helped twice to soup. He has a place taken in the front row of the dress circle when he visits the theatre,

which he often does, being, he says, very fond of "public places." He goes to Boulogne, or Ramsgate, in September, because nobody of the least consideration can then remain in town. Margate he thinks vulgar.

He is partial to astonishing waistcoats, and revels in eternal white-kid gloves. Morning, noon, and night is he gloved the same—in defiance and utter disregard of all wholesome love of contrast. He wears a blue coat with embossed gilt buttons.

He knows all the leading men in politics at first sight. He once met Theodore Hook at dinner. He has often seen Grisi off the stage. He has shaken hands before now with a baronet. In fact, he is a very superior, well-informed person, and is universally considered, by his friends, a most "gentlemanly man."

Here are a few sketches, just by way of specimen. The amateur, as he walks about the world, will ascertain for himself whether the portfolio consists of portraits or of caricatures.

A SEA-COAL FIRE.

A SEA-COAL FIRE is the cheerful moon which consoles us during the long night of winter for the absence of the glorious summer sun. Shut up within walls, we yet enjoy the pleasures of the season that is gone. Instead of a turfy bank, we have now a sofa: the smooth meadow is a luxurious Turkey-carpet, studded here and there, in lieu of trees, with tables bearing, for fruit, goodly annuals encased in rich silken rinds, which the beholder may pluck and revel on at leisure. And thus we pass the winter so pleasantly that we scarcely wish for the return of summer and the sun.

A sea-coal fire is the great social test. Never pronounce judgment on a man whom you may

have met with only in crowds: fall not in love with a girl because she has been an agreeable partner in a quadrille. Seat them, with others, in a semi-circle before a sea-coal fire, and you will soon discover what they really are. Fire purifies gold, and worth comes out better for the ordeal. General conversation is honest, and not like that dangerous, uncertain tête-à-tête! And then how gracefully do amusing games and pastimes tone in with our sea-coal fire! The prettiest of all pastimes (in my mind) is wine and walnuts!

The curtains are closely drawn, and the rain is pattering against the window. The guard of some night-coach sounds his horn in the distance, and you hug yourself in the knowledge that *you* are not travelling by it, and particularly that you are not the guard—but then again you doubt whether *he* finds it disagreeable—because “he is so used to it.” The muffin-boy rings his bell in the street, and a debate ensues whether you shall call him; but it is not decided in the affirmative until his bell is out of hearing, and then you agree to call him as he passes to-morrow. You half express a determination to drop in at the theatre after tea

and see the new pantomime ; but the fire is so charming, and the room looks so comfortable, that you scarcely know how to leave it, and Mary, opening the piano by accident, decides the matter, and you promise to stop at home and hear the new fantasia, and go and see the pantomime "some night next week." Then comes in the urn hissing—the tea goes round—light jesting conversation accompanies it—the fantasia is played—and you really wonder how people can be so foolish as to go out on a wet night and leave all these attractions in search of others.


By our art we will give you, in this well-closed room, any climate on the face of the earth. What though all without be locked in frost, here is genial weather ! Let the wind blow—let the snow fall—every poke of our sea-coal fire is a charm to bring warmth and gaiety !

But methinks some precise reader inquireth why I invariably use the particular term *sea-coal fire*, instead of merely the general term *fire*. It results from my firm conviction that a sea-coal fire is the true and only Fire, and that all others are counterfeits. I have arrived at this conclusion

after long and patient meditation, and I will give the world my reasons for thus believing.

The objects to be attained by a fire are three, viz., heat, cheerfulness, and light. I confine myself, in this inquiry, entirely to elegant, luxurious, or, as we say, drawing-room fires, and shall therefore not notice *cooking* as an object to be kept in view—this being entirely confined to kitchen and other plebeian fires, and therefore not coming within my purpose. As heat, cheerfulness, and light, then, are the three results to be attained, it follows that the fire which best furnishes these is, of all others, the most worthy of general adoption. Let us examine the various methods of making fires.

Wood is, by many, greatly preferred. There is a brilliancy and excitement about it which are apt to impose upon superficial minds, but its pretensions give way before calm and analytical investigation. In the third requisite—light, it is at once admitted to excel all,—but in the first and second requisites it is lamentably deficient. In heat it is inferior both to sea-coal and charcoal, and in cheerfulness to sea-coal. The wide hearth



which it requires is unsightly and clumsy, when compared to the neat, bright grate of its rival. I can sympathize with the lover of the vivid wood-sparkle and its exhilarating crackle; but is there not in it something rude and primitive? Does it not seem too *cumbrous*? Where is the lively play of gas? Where the curling smoke merging into the brilliant blaze? The dirty white ashes, too, are vastly unpleasing to one who has been accustomed to a clean, respectable hearth.

Charcoal, which comes next, ranks much lower than wood. Heat, indeed, is the only quality to which it can at all lay claim; for in cheerfulness and light it is utterly deficient. No: charcoal is only for French cooks and French lovers.

There is a substance, I am told, called *turf*, much used by poor people for making fires, but as the reader would naturally feel shocked by any allusion to these low matters, I shall consider a lengthened notice of it as beneath the dignity of this essay.

Thus, then, after comparison with its rivals, doth Sea-coal stand forth triumphant. With the undoubting confidence of an old friend, it meets

us; and though to other fuel we give our respect and well-wishes, to Sea-coal we give our sympathy—our love!

As for the new-fangled systems of German stoves, hot-air pipes, and other abominable and degrading delusions of the present day, he who listens to them is lost to all proper feeling for ever. They do not even pretend to supply more than one requisite—heat, and the two others are either denied or altogether neglected for the sake of this one. If our government did its duty, the people would no longer be polluted in the public papers with these insidious attempts to shake their allegiance to the true and only Fire.

But here a reader of a liberal way of thinking, shocked at such an appearance of bigotry and want of toleration, exclaims, “What! would you put a stop to free discussion? Does not the law of progression apply to fires as to other things, and, as we improved on the rude practices of our forefathers, may not coming generations improve upon ours?” To this last question I am compelled with pain, but with firmness, to return a decided negative. By slow degrees, and in spite of

But it is not only at the time of fire-lighting that you feel the pleasure it affords. As often as you look at the fire afterwards, whether in the flush of recent coals or the depression of accumulated cinders—through all the stages of its life, even up to the last expiring embers, you are conscious that its existence is owing to you. You it was who first called it into being; you it was who watched it tenderly during infancy; and to you, if a fire can feel gratitude, should that gratitude be paid!

All this is caviare to a self-important gentleman, who will have his fire lighted for him, and never enters the room until it has properly burned up. To him a fire is only a mass of lighted coals, intended to keep the air at a proper temperature. He would consider any further interest as foolish. He could not spare time to be bothering with a fire. It is more trouble than it is worth!

This, now, is the sort of fellow who would ring for a servant to stir the fire or put on more coals. 'Tis pitiful—very pitiful! A well-constituted mind would feel a pleasure in administering these little necessary attentions—but *he* understands nothing

of this. Such heartless, unimaginative people are not fit to appreciate a Sea-coal Fire, and are just ready to lapse into German-Stovism.

A true fire-worshipper would as soon think of parting with his life as the poker, wherever and whenever he can get a fire to poke. Mark with what satisfaction he lifts up lightly the coals and beholds the blaze burst forth. How kindly (under pretence of politeness) he undertakes the duty for the lady of the house. It is no trouble—not the least! And the lady (if initiated) sighs as, compelled by the usages of society, she delivers the poker into his hands.

I have thus feebly attempted to discourse on a most inspiring theme. May my labors be pleasing to the congenial reader! But if some sincere votary, profoundly imbued with fire-wisdom, pronounce my performance crude and presumptuous, let me suffer for my folly, and let the unworthy essay be sacrificed to the honor and glory of our Sea-coal Fire!


FINIS.



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